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JOSHUA WARD, CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA,

AND CHOSEN TO REPRESENT AMERICA IN THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

$150 PRIZE STORY.

THE

"COCK OF THE WALK;"

OR, THE

BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. MARTIN LANE,

AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF

HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL IN THE BLASTED COUNTRY!"

Something about Billiards—The "Dark" Horse from Cincinnati—A Safe Leave—Puffy Joe Cleaned Out—The "Young 'Un" Sails In and Shows he can "Sweep a Crossing"—Some Big Runs and Sharp Practice—Black Jake's—Campbell on Bill Foster's Track.

BILL FOSTER had not been gone but a few minutes from the parlor where he had left Charley Lee and Puffy Joe safely ensconced, before they both began to be restless. Puffy at first proposed cards, and pulling out a drawer he took a greasy pack and commenced dealing for single-handed euchre But the cards did not run well, and they soon became mutually disgusted, and relinquished the game. The minutes seemed as long as hours, and the hours, weeks To a person of the temperament and disposition of our amiable friend, who was a little inclined to corpulency, solitude was the most irksome thing on earth He would much prefer to be hanged in a crowd than to live in genteel retirement. At last he broke out:—

"It's no use, Clover. I can't stand this thing any longer! I'd as lief go to church and hear a sermon sixteen days long as stay any longer in this subterranean apartment I'm going up town and have a game of billiards with some of the boys up to Kelly's; and if you are sensible you'll take hold of the drag-rope and sail in!"

Charley was likewise fretting at the solitude, and any change seemed to promise a relief "I'm with you Joe," said he, "but we won't be gone long, for Bill may be coming back!"

After informing Black Jake of their intentions, they chartered a carriage and started, for Joe said that "it was one degree from being wholesome for them to be seen by any of Pete Maddocks' gang in the street together. Not that I care, young man," said he, "but Bill's off on business that may get him into a scrape, and I'm satisfied that there's been eyes on you since you came into this town that you don't dream of, and they're on the top round too; so it's best to keep a shade close!"

Charley acquiesced in his friend's reasoning, and from what he had seen the night before, and what he knew of himself, was inclined to follow his advice As soon as they had arrived at their place of destination they left the hack and hurried up stairs.

Joe led the way into a private room where there were but two tables. It was a place that only the initiated knew of. There was quite a little crowd there of "knights of the cue," who were observing intently one of the players who was engaged in the game Joe was well known to them all, and his coming was the occasion of much excitement.

"Just the one we've been looking for!" exclaimed one, "for there's a man that takes Lem down and gives him thirty-five!"

"Who is he?" asked Puffy.

"Oh! he's a stranger from out in the woods somewhere—Cincinnati, or some other place in the other world. But I tell you he knows the balls by name, he does!"

"I'm his man," said Puffy, "for I feel so awful dull to-day that I'd play with any man in America for a white pine cue and the championship—except Mike Phelan and John Seereiter, and six others!"

As soon as the game was finished, which ended in the Westerner's victory, Joe stripped off his coat and taking down his cue suggested to the stranger that if he wanted an easy match he'd find that sort of an individual ready to string with him for the lead! He courteously accepted the proffer, and they barked. Joe won, and amid the cries of his friends "Sail in Joe!" "Stand up for the Bowery!" "Never say die, Puffy!" and other remarks like these, he played and made his first count Joe was naturally a very fine player a little slow, perhaps, but exceedingly careful; and feeling as though it rested upon him to sustain the honor of his city, he played with more than his usual skill and caution. After a run of twenty-two he stopped, leaving the balls in a situation that might be called pretty safe

"Rayther secure—eh! Lem?" said he with a good natured smile to one of the spectators.

"As a church, my boy!" was the reply.

The stranger took his cue and played, as it seemed to the crowd, a little nervously He did not count, but still the balls, curiously enough, had run into a position that made a very difficult shot for Joe.

But Joe was shrewd enough to see that if he should play for a count and miss that the balls would be piled up together, and so he played for a leave The Cincinnati man smiled at Joe's caution and stepped up, but again he failed to count this time leaving a good show for his opponent. Joe grinned at the chance and went in for a shot which he made, and had a brilliant opening. Upon this run he made forty-two, and left off with both reds in the string and the white ball in hand.

"You're improving, Joseph," said old Kelly, who stood looking on—he was the man who owned the premises—"You're improving very fast, and you'll be a wonder if you keep on!"

The man from Cincinnati played this time with great care, and counted on the bank. Then with great ease he commenced caroming on the two reds, and made on the run ninety three. This was a matter that struck considerable terror into the heart of the redoubtable Joe, particularly as he had to play out of the string. His agony was over in a moment for, directly he missed, the stranger took the play and ran out the game.

Puffy's countenance betokened most extreme disgust at this state of affairs The crowd, too, seared in his feelings

"It's a little rough, Joe, but you've got to grin and bear it!"

"Wipe your weeping eyes, old two hundred, and sail in again!"

"I'll try another lick at yer, stranger, but I feel it down to my stockings that you've slept on a table more nights than ever I did. You've got a steady hand and a straight eye, and I'm doubting whether you'll find any of the boys that can come near enough to hurry you, except a professional."

They played again, and the game resulted similarly to the first.

"I'll give it up," said Joe, sorrowfully laying down his cue. "I'll give it up! It's no use for me knocking any more at that gate. You've whipped Lem, and you've whipped me; and you've done it without turning a hair, and now you can go, for there's no match for you in this neighborhood."

The stranger, who listened courteously to Joe's compliments, made some few consolatory remarks about luck, &c

"It's no use," said Puffy, "to talk about luck When I've got a shot before me I can make it, luck or no luck. When I beat a man it's because I'm a better player, and when he beats me it's because he knows the ivories better than I do."

Joe's philosophy, after all, is the best kind of billiard room philosophy; although it is not very popular there.

The stranger was upon the point of leaving when Charley Lee, who had been closely observing the game, and had sympathized pretty extensively with his friend's evident mortification, stepped up and quietly proposed a match.

"Well, that's a cool one, Clover!" whispered Joe. "Hav'n't you any more regard for your family, and for me who brought you here, than to expose your ignorance? Why I tell you, young one, that he beat Lem Patton at thirty-five, and he could do it at seventy five just as well!"

"But I should like to get to the help of the defeated against the mighty, I scow!" responded Charley.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful do you know about billiards! It it was hide and go seek in a hay mow I'd back you against him; for it's my opinion, my lad, that he's a deep one, and has seen more green cloth than green fields in his life."

"One shy at him, Joseph, if it takes the hide off!" exclaimed Charley, earnestly.

"But what will Bill say when he hears it?" Joe replied in imploring accents; "when it shall be whispered in the Bowery that one of his boys played with a stranger and made nary a point! Don't yer do it, Clover, for I likes yer, and it'll hurt yer character in our set when it's known that you had the impudence to play with a man who can 'sweep a crossing'!"

But Charley was deaf to Joe's supplications, and insisted upon a game. "Five Hundred, if you please, sir," said he to the Cincinnati man, and they commenced with Charley's lead.

At first Joe sat down in a chair with his hat pulled over his eyes, as if to hide from his sight the disgrace his young friend was about to incur; but soon from the conversation he knew that Charley was counting, and he lifted up his head. The testimony of the marker was that the boy had made forty, and was running yet.

With a feeling of surprise and admiration he observed that his shots were distinguished by a beauty and precision that were seldom seen in that place. As Charley, after a succession of brilliant shots, finally ceased from his play with fifty-five scored up in his favor, Joe's heart fairly overflowed with joy.

"It's in you, my boy," said he, "and it's coming out fast. You looked pretty green when I first saw you, but you can '*sweep a crossing*.' If you can't, them straps are your'n!"

The stranger was satisfied from the play of Charley that he had met with a formidable antagonist, and that he needed all his skill and caution to win the game against such a style as that. He went in coolly, and beginning with two most difficult shots, he soon got the balls into a position and scored up one hundred and ten.

The most intense excitement prevailed in the room at this run, not so much from its magnitude, but from the excellence displayed by the Westerner in his art. When Coarley took up his cue the odds were four to one against him. But undismayed he sailed in to the tune of twenty-three and rested, leaving the stranger's ball close under the cushion and the rest in a straight line.

Although his run was small, yet the tact and judgment he displayed won him the commendations of Joe.

"Very neatly played, Clover, indeed! He can't make it only off the cush ons, and it's a nice thing to do that!"

But the shot was made off of three cushions, and this time the stranger ran one hundred and eighty. Murmurs of admiration from the bystanders. Two hundred and ninety in two shots! But Charley never blanched or faltered, and stepping up to the table with a smile upon his face, drove his own ball into the side pocket.

As soon as this play was made, a look of admiration was instantaneously visible on the countenances of all. The two red balls were outside of the string and both under the opposite cushions, while the stranger's ball was in the middle of the table, so situated that a count was almost impossible; and to bring one of the balls into the string was extremely difficult. They waited with intense anxiety to see his play. He followed Charley's example, and *koled his own ball*

"That's what I call rayther sharp practice! ain't it, Lem?"

"It is rather treading too hard on the heels of the funeral," replied that worthy.

Charley, as confident as ever, now stepped up to the table and made an easy count, sending both reds up into the left corner, with the white close after them. With this as a capital he counted upon them right down the side of the cushion into the string, and made eighty one on the passage. His play as he got them safely by the side pocket was perfectly beautiful, and provoked the admiration even of his antagonist. After they were safely housed, he went on with his counting, and left off with but a hundred and fifty to carry him to the end.

"He's a green one—he is!—that young chap there. Green looking fellow—he wasn't born on a billiard table—oh, no!—he wasn't Call him Clover, eh, Joe?"

"Oh! yes," said another; "he's green to be sure! Goes along with Puffy Joe and the 'Cock of the Walk'—and he's an innocent!"

Such remarks as these were whispered back and forth while Charley was nursing the balls.

The stranger, however, stood up to the rack, although the fodder was somewhat dry and exceedingly scarce. But he played with a cool, determined air, and the balls obeyed the impulse of his cue as if driven by magic. He was not one of the men that are cowed down by adversity, but he was superior to all the assaults of fate. No man could have done better than he did, and the wonderful run that he made attested it. Before he resigned his place two hundred more were made and added to his score, and over half were made round the table.

The backers of Charley looked blue enough at this unexpected turn of affairs. A *miscue* or a careless shot would finish him up; and under the circumstances, from a mere boy, as Charley was, such a result might have been apprehended But the young man fully sustained the favor he had acquired, and he didn't lay down the cue till he was hailed the victor. Such a game had never before been played in that vicinity.

As Charley, blushing at the expressions of praise that were showered upon him from all sides, not even excepting his antagonist, was laying down his cue, he received a violent slap on the back that nearly put him under the table. Turning round, to his great surprise he saw the pleasant face of Bill Foster.

"You're a trump, young one, and a big one! I saw your last fifty made, for I stood here by the door, but I kept shady cause I was afraid that I might distarb your eye if you knew I'd got back; and I see the way you did it—and it were a nice way, too, wasn't it, Puffy?"

"He's just so, every time and at all hours and he can 'sweep a crossing!'" replied Joe. "There ain't many young men in these parts but what he can whip, and give 'em sixty!"

"I'm proud of yer, Hardgrass, I am, and you'll do credit to the man that picked you up when you'd been smelling a little too much of the 'Honeysuckle' And as for them 'ere papers—they're all right, and I've got 'em in my pocket!"

Charley could hardly restrain his joy and satisfaction when he heard this statement

"We'll go down to Jake's and talk over matters, for I've got to lie by for a few days, now. I saw your policeman up there this morning, Joe, and if I didn't roll him up in a pillow case and put him to bed you may tell Bill Foster he lies! But come, boys, let's start along, for we hav'n't much time to lose; but I didn't want to break in upon that beautiful game!"

With these words our three friends hastily started and took the carriage that was waiting for them at the door. A few moments brought them down to Black Jake's, who was standing at the door, looking anxiously up and down the street, as if expecting the approach of some one

"What's loose now?" said Bill, as soon as the hack stopped.

"I'se glad to see you, Massa Bill—dat I am!" said Jake in a low tone. "Dese policemen am on your track, for sarting. That big Cam bell with about seven or eight others were down here not a half an hour gone, and dey went right straight over dis nigger's house. Dey didn't tell me who dey were to skin' for, but dis nigger 'spected what him wanted, and so he kep' his clamshell on the shut till jist as dey were going away and then says—"He's jist round the corner to Pete Lindsay's, and he'll be back in a minute!"

"Who's round the corner, Darkey?" say that big man, Massa Campbell.

"Dat fat feller dey call Puffing Joe," says I. "You jist tend to your shop, Sambo?" says he; and how I larfed when I thought how neat dis nigger come it over dat big man, and found out jist who it was dem officers wanted; for, in course, if dey didn't want Joe dey wanted you, Massa Bill."

Jake finished this somewhat long story for a nigger, and showed his ivories from ear to ear. "Well, that Chenery is prompt and that's a fact!" said Bill musing. "You're a brick, Jake, and you know more than six ordinary white men! Jest you tell that driver to start up the Bowery!" and Jake grinned at these compliments until the top of his head seemed on the point of dissolving all connection with the balance of his system, and gave the direction to the driver.

As they started off Bill said, "we can't go down to any of the old places, for they've got an ambush laid for me in every single hole, and I don't want to get caught for I've got to go down town to-night, *sure*. Some of the boys got laid out last night *and I promised to be round*, and it wont do to go two nights without a row."

"In my opinion," said Puffy, "and a man can take it or leave it, we'd better go to the old place It's rather hard on the young one; but he can't do no better, since he's kinder rung in with us, than to take our fare"

"I'm with you on that, Puffy," said Bill, and the conversation terminated here.

Charley had heard enough to know that they determined to go to the place where they first went—the house in which such a dark tragedy had been perpetrated. But, although it excited his horror, he made no resistance to the plan.

At the signal of Joe, the carriage stopped near the alley spoken in the first chapter.

"Quick's the word!" said Bill, as they sprang out, and blend

for a few moments with the tide of beings upon the walk, they soon turned aside and entered the *house of stains*.

There for awhile we must leave them in consultation. There were many things that Charley and Bill had to communicate, and what they resulted in will be detailed in the course of events. Let us go back and inquire into the situation of Maddocks and Graves, whom we left ensconced in safety beyond any danger from the police.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUDSON STREET.—"A, B, C, and D are playing a game of euchre, A and C are partners; A deals; B passes; and C orders it up, and plays it alone; it comes round to B, and he plays it alone against C 1. If B euchres C, by taking three tricks, how many points do B and D make? 2. If C takes three tricks, how many points are A and C entitled to? Does either party require to take all the tricks to make four?".....B gains nothing by playing it alone, C having that privilege only, having ordered up the trump. 1. B and D add two to their score for the euchre. 2 Add one point to their score, having made their play. 3. Had C made all the tricks, he would have been entitled to four points.

NEMO, New York.—1. We do not suppose any person professionally employed in a theatre, in the manufacture of colored fire, would reveal to you the entire secret of its combinations. It is an art in itself, and those who have been apprenticed and long practiced it beside, are naturally somewhat tenacious in keeping it to themselves. 2. We cannot give you any decided information relative to the future movements of Mr. John Brougham. About three weeks since, we read a letter written by him to a mutual friend in this city, stating that he would probably be in New York about April. Subsequently, however, we have been told by the above friend, that Mr. Brougham does not contemplate a return to the United States, for a considerable time to come.

C. J. W., Goshen.—1. The game of bagatelle is played on so many different sized and varieties of tables, in so many different ways, and the laws governing it are for the most part local only, almost every place where a table can be found having different rules and customs, that it is difficult to answer your question, there being no settled code of laws for its government. We are of the opinion, however, that all the balls but one being pocketed, the remaining ball might be played up without caroming, or else you would make the player pay a penalty that would be unfair. 2 The rules of bagatelle are not published here, we believe. We have never seen any, at least. Every table seems to have, as we said above, its own rules and customs.

ANCIENT READER, Philadelphia.—Had you resented the assault at the time it was perpetrated, you would have been excused; but having deliberately prepared yourself after the lapse of a certain time, and going in with your "exterminator," the law will not hold you guiltless. However, we do not think your assailants will press the matter, as it might expose their attack upon a lady, and lose them all sympathy.

DRACO, Philadelphia.—What you are pleased to term the "blunders" of great writers, have been accepted by their posterity, not only as legitimate sense, but as a grace to the language itself—for example, the "*worser* part," referred to by Hamlet in his speech to his mother in the picture scene. It would not do, however, for young writers to try the experiment.

PHYSICAL.—If you are just commencing, begin with the lightest, and practice a short time only at first, increasing gradually the time, and also the weights, as you feel yourself gaining strength, or, as you become accustomed to the exercise. On getting up in the morning, try a moment or two with the bells, and in an hour or so after meals, it would be well to practice, for a short time.

L. M. C. wishes to know what has become of the following well-known actresses, so popular here a few seasons ago:—Mrs. Coleman Pope, Miss Crawford, Miss Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Radinski, Mrs. T. S Hamblin, Mrs. H. L. Clarke, Miss C. Fox, Miss Olivia, and Mrs. Yeomans. Perhaps some of our theatrical friends can post us.

WICKET KEEPER, Baltimore, Md.—So little legislation is necessary for the government of a cricket club, that clubs seldom publish their by-laws, &c.; therefore we are unable to instruct you where to procure them. Perhaps some secretary, seeing this, will forward a copy to your post office, addressed to "Wicket Keeper."

PHELPS, Whitewater.—1. We published a notice of his death at the time, and have not seen it contradicted. 2 We do not know where Armstrong is at present. It is difficult to keep the run of circus folks.

A. B., Keene, N. H.—Horace Greeley was "delegated from Oregon," and used his influence in the Chicago convention in opposition to Seward, and in favor of Lincoln.

BUFFO, Brooklyn.—If such a book has been published, you may procure a copy, or learn where to find it, by applying at 444 Broadway.

SOMERVILLE, Prince Frederick, Md.—We have two works on boxing, viz: Owen Swift; and the Science of Manual Defence; price 12 cents each. We can send you gloves, for $5 per sett of four.

N. W., Philad'a.—1. His arm was not broken, but wrenched backward in the socket, in the 15th round. 2. He was taken from the ring by one of his seconds, completely exhausted.

J. A. S., Little Rock.—The party you name is not the author of the notice; therefore, we presume you do not wish the card published.

R. O. Y., Springfield, Mass.—1. C wins with his king, which was high; Jack cannot score, when made in play, until after high, no matter when Jack was made. 2. All Fours is the proper name.

G. T. B., Albany.—Send us your address; we will endeavor to have a few copies printed for you.

ACE, Boston.—"Hoyle's Games" is the work you want. You can purchase it at some of the bookstores in your city.

CHARLEY, Jersey City.—We never measured Mayor Wood, but our opinion is, that he is over five feet nine inches in height.

J. F., South Adams, Mass.—Send your letter here, and we will endeavor to ferret him out.

VERITAS.—Will suggest it. As you requested it, we withhold your communication from the public eye.

UTAH, Fort Bridger.—He will have to pay taxes, and must procure a license the same as any other citizen.

C. R., Perth, C. W.—They are all mits. Cash orders only attended to.

ROBERT, Rondout.—We have no reliable record of Chambers' time. Should we come across it, however, we will apprise you.

J. J. P., Boston.—The Goddess of Liberty is head, and the eagle is tail. A wins the bet.

G. B., Montreal.—Not at present. "The times are sadly out of joint."

H. M. P., Deerfield, Mass.—We published it some months ago. It's a good thing.

B. C., Savannah.—Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham, in a fair and square fight.

OHIO BOY, Cleveland.—The sparring tour is at an end, and Heenan, at last accounts, was in New Orleans. See notice elsewhere.

J. C., Philadelphia.—1. Flora Temple's best time has never been equalled. 2. Tom King is in Havana.

A. T., Mendham, N. J.—We understand that the theatre there has been discontinued for want of patronage.

J. B. A., Cambridge.—It's new to us, so we cannot give you the derivation of the phrase.

ED J.—Such 's he.

BEN BOLT, Philad'a.—We do not think it possible.

C. T.—We cannot locate them at present.

COTTON BUD.—Tom Sayers was born in the year 1826.

J. K., St. Paul.—The agent here sells for cash only.

W. J. W., Pittsburgh.—We don't know what salary he gets.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.—The Philadelphia Association for the Protection of Game has given notice to all dealers in game, restaurant and hotel keepers, that the laws relative to game prohibit the sale or exposing for sale of game birds and venison after this date, under a penalty of five dollars for each article thus offered, and that these laws and ordinances will be strictly enforced from and after the first day of February, 1861. Information that may lead to the conviction of persons infringing these laws is respectfully requested by the Association.

A SPORTING PAPER is about to be started in Montreal, Canada West. It is to be called the *Spirit of the Times*, and is to be published by Frederick Driscoll & Co. It is to be issued weekly, at the rate of $2 00 per annum. The new paper is not to be devoted exclusively to sporting matters, but will take cognizance of military affairs as well. Success to it, say we. The more sporting papers we have, the greater will be the increase in sporting interests and physical exercises.

MATCH AT CHESS.—NEW YORK, VERSUS PHILADELPHIA.—After a series of delays, the Chess match between Mr. Lichtenhein, of New York, and Mr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, commenced in the latter city on the 9th inst. On the opening evening, there was a large attendance. The first winner of seven games is to be declared the victor. The first game lasted nearly three hours, and was won by Mr. Lichtenhein. The second game, played on the following day, was won by Mr. Montgomery in two hours.

LATEST.—Montgomery, 2; Lichtenhein, 2. Drawn, 0.

A GAY TIME was had at the Central Park, and on the road, on the 12th and 13th inst. At the Central Park 50,000 persons were present on the 13th, thousands of whom were indulging in the recreation of skating, among the number being several hundred ladies. On the road, sleighs flew along like a streak, and there was no end to the sport.

THE GAME OF LA CROSSE.—From Montreal, we have received from the author, who styles himself "Goal-keeper," a little work embracing the rules of "La Crosse," how to play, and what to play it with, and, so far as we are able to judge, we are of the opinion that "Goal keeper" has illuminated the sport in a style that is simple, easy to be understood, and well adapted for the learner. On perusing the work, we, as lovers of any kind of sport in that way, became much interested, and the thought suggested itself to us, that "La Crosse" is the very game to fill the vacuum existing in winter sports among us. It somewhat assimilates to our two favorite ball games, cricket and base ball; and, therefore, presents us with a neutral sort of contest, in which the players of those two games might meet one another on something like a par. It is played with an instrument, for a bat, something like a "racket;" that is, a curved ash stick, with cat gut, or moose skin strings, stretched from a given point in the handle to the curve, commencing at the point, and then fastening each string about 1½ inches apart towards the inside of the curve until the whole is filled up, or, as we should term it, gridironed. A solid india rubber ball is preferred. There are two goals, placed not more than half a mile apart, and facing each other. The goals are each made up by two poles, about 6½ feet high, about the same distance apart, the poles having flags on the top, of different colors, each goal being distinguished by its own color. Twelve men compose a side usually, who are placed in position not unlike as in cricket or base ball, only with this difference, that both sides are fielding at once, and face each other, the object being to prevent the ball being thrown through your own goal and to strive to throw it through your opponents'; being something like football in this respect. Throwing or hitting is all done with the "crosse," or racket, and not with the hands in any case; consequently, considerable practice is necessary before one can become an expert. The above is merely a synopsis, as we understand it, from a first perusal of the book, but as soon as space will permit, we may possibly publish the instructions in the CLIPPER, so that those of our readers who think well of it, may set up "La Crosse" for themselves

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GYMNASTICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—On this subject, and its importance, we have often dilated in these pages, and it is with pleasure that we notice the attention it is now being favored with at the hands of school commissioners, in large cities particularly. In the way of education, Philadelphia stands first among the cities of the Union, and we are glad to know that the system until recently practiced, which resulted in raising precocious but dwarfish and short lived children, giving them brains without bodies, has been thrown overboard by them, and that now they intend recognising the body as a part of the human structure, and the necessity of its development on an equality with the mind. In the Philadelphia school commissioners' report of the 8th inst., we find the following resolution:—

"That the gymnastic exercise and drill, proposed by Capt. Fred. C. Harney, in his communication to the Board, is highly approved of by this Committee, and as it entails no expense to the Board, we recommend the same to the Directors of the various Sections for their action."

The resolution speaks for itself, both on the score of desirability and economy. Captain Harney, whose system has been adopted, proposes to give instruction at a minimum rate of one cent per week for each pupil, male and female, the exercises being equally appropriate for girls as well as boys. We observe, also, in the same report, that mental labor, or study, is to be considerably abbreviated, more particularly among the younger children. This is well, and will result in lasting benefit to the scholars.

STREET RAILWAY BANQUET.—We have received the report of the banquet given to Mr. George Francis Train, of Boston, on the occasion of the opening of the first street railway in Europe, at Birkenhead, near Liverpool—a work which Mr. T. himself projected, and, after an immense amount of labor, and considerable opposition, completed. This banquet came off at Birkenhead, on the 30th of last August, and among the many speeches delivered on the occasion, was one by Mr. Train, full of humor, shrewdness, and Yankee go-a-headativeness. In the report with which we have been furnished, a number of interesting statements are given, and it is embellished with a cut of the first street railway car built at Birkenhead. It must be exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Train, and to his countrymen generally, to know that the adoption of these cars is becoming general in England—a result attributable to the energy displayed by Mr. Train, who is evidently a man who does not recognise the word "fail" as belonging to his vocabulary.

RUMOR.—A rumor was current in the city on Friday evening last that Ed. Price had been killed in New Orleans, by a Baltimore man, with whom he had had some trouble in the North somewhere, and who swore to get square some day or other. It was said that Price lived two hours only after being shot. We give the rumor for what it is worth, but have been unable to trace the report to any authentic source. We see no mention of such an affray in the New Orleans papers; neither is anything said of it in the telegraphic news. We trust the rumor may prove to be unfounded.

Since the above was written, we have been informed by Mr. Edwards, who was present at the time, that a dispute took place in New Orleans between Ed Price and Tom Jennings, who was in New York last summer, and that blows were exchanged, Price having the best of it; but that no deadly weapons were brought into use. Price and James H. Heenan were in Havana, where Mr. Edwards left them on the 8th inst. They were engaged to spar at Nixon's Circus in Havana, on the 13th inst., Sunday last. They were to leave for New York on the 15th inst.

HEENAN AND HIS SPARRING TOUR.—The sparring tour in which John C. Heenan, Ed. Price, Aaron Jones, Gregoire, etc., have been engaged for some time past, came to a finale in New Orleans, after two exhibitions had been given in that city, with moderate success only. Mr. Edwards, advertising agent of the concern, returned to New York last week. Price and James H. Heenan had gone to Havana, and Aaron Jones had left for Springfield, Ill., Old Abe's home, where it is probable he will take charge of Clear Lake House, in connection with another party. Heenan is still in New Orleans, and we are informed that he has it in contemplation to remain there, and enter into business.

DEATH OF J. C. HEENAN'S FATHER.—We regret to learn that the father of J. C. Heenan died at his residence at West Troy, N. Y., on the 10th inst. He had long been ill from pulmonic complaint, but had kept on his feet until within a short time before his decease. A few weeks ago he visited this city, but was then in a very feeble condition. We believe that Tim Heenan was with him when he died, but John and James were in New Orleans and Havana. They were telegraphed for, but as their address was not known, it is doubtful if the dispatch reached them.

BERGER AND BILLIARDS.—This famous knight of the cue, is again giving illustrations in the beauties of the game, at Phelan's Rooms in this city, he having recently returned from Baltimore, where he gave a series of exhibitions, on two occasions being assisted by Mr. Phelan. His stay in New York will be for about two weeks, when, in addition to a display of fancy shots, including the *masse*, he will hold a series of friendly contests with Mr. Phelan and other celebrated players.

AN EXCITING SET-TO.—One of the most exciting displays with boxing gloves ever witnessed in New York was that which took place at Harry Lazarus' benefit, between Harry and George Morton. It was an out-and-out good set-to, and both men were loudly applauded by their friends. We regret, however, that the affair terminated in the manner it did. A full report of the proceeding is given in another column.

FIGHT TALK.—The London pugs seem very anxious, apparently, to have another shy at Heenan. Hurst wants to tackle him, and King is represented as being desirous of fighting him. Now, if King is really anxious, let him come over here and make known his wants. Heenan will accommodate him, sure. While waiting for a go at Hurst, (who is now on with Mace,) King might pick up a thousand or two over here. What says he?

A CHANCE FOR SEEREITER.—We are requested to state that Dudley Kavanagh will be happy to play a match at billiards with John Seereiter, of Detroit, for $1,000 a side, 1,000 or 2,000 points up.

BEHEADED.—Captain Brabayon, well known on the British Turf, was beheaded by the Chinese on the 21st of October.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

JOHNNY MACKEY has opened a house in Cincinnati, which he calls the "Heenan Saloon." It is on Fifth street, between Main and Symacore. He has fitted it up in such a style as to be able to give private lessons and public exhibitions.

THOMAS GWILT, brother-in-law of George Rowley—now in this city as agent for the sale of Newbold's picture—will hear of something to his interest by addressing a note, giving his address, to George Rowley, 75 Courtlandt street, New York. When last heard from, Mr. Gwilt was in Trenton, N. J.

JEMMY MASSEY'S house in the Bowery, is advertised for sale. The reason for selling, "the owner is leaving the city."

CHALLENGE.—BOSTON, Jan. 10, 1861.—I, George Warren, better known in Boston as the "New Hampshire Pet," will fight Michael Leavitt, of Lowell, Mass., a fair, stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London Ring, at catch weight, for from five hundred to one thousand dollars a side, in eight weeks from the time of the first deposit, to be placed in the hands of Robert Hamilton, No. 6 Mason street, Boston, where he can find me and my money at such time as he may signify, by his acceptance of this challenge through the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BILLY DONNELLY AND HICKEY.—A match has been agreed upon for a fight between Johnny Hickey and Billy Donnelly, and $25 a side has been made good. The match is to be for $300 a side, and the fight to take place on the 8th of March.

MORTON AND LAZARUS.—Morton attended at Harry Lazarus' exhibition, on the 8th inst., and the two had a grand set-to together. Subsequently, a deposit of $10 a side was made, with the understanding that it should be made into $50 a side on the 12th. Lazarus was present at the time and place appointed, but neither Morton nor his backers put in an appearance, and Lazarus was declared entitled to the forfeit.

GONE IN.—We learn that Keefe, who was arrested for the assault upon Harry Lazarus, noticed in our last, has been put in for two months for the assault, the prosecutor not wishing to press the matter to the extreme. The other party, who was shot by Lazarus, is still in the Hospital.

SPARRING.

HARRY LAZARUS AT THE ART UNION.—On Tuesday evening, January 8th, a "Complimentary" was given to the world renowned scientific gent whose name heads this report. It would be "dry food" (see Gus) to harp over and over again of what he's done and what he hasn't done, for every sport, both young and old, who pretends to be posted, knows just about all that is worth knowing. This last affair was gotten up by his pupils and friends (and their name is legion) to show their admiration of the man himself, both as regards science and gentlemanly conduct; and beside the regular company engaged at the A. U., twenty-seven of the best assorted boxers, together with Hank the Mason, Tom Brookfield and Larry Simmons, were down on the bills "for to show." An increased impetus was attached to this benefit on account of the scrimmage in which Harry took such a bold stand, mentioned in our last issue. Any melee that has not two sides to it wouldn't be worth talking about, and we were not a little surprised to hear from "the other side" that the first things used were pistols instead of fists, and that Keefe's mouth was shattered and his teeth knocked out by the aforesaid "fire-iron!" Be this as it may, we fully justify Harry's conduct whether or no, and think it "served 'em right" for being so headstrong; this going into a man's own house and playing the bully isn't just exactly the cheese; if there was a grudge, (and there is not much doubt about that,) why not meet on neutral ground, and there settle it, instead of these bar-room scrapes? Any man that makes a business of "looking for fight" in this village is pretty sure of getting a surfeit some time or other, be he as big as Goliath—there's always a somebody that's better than he is, and every body gets his match in the course of time. While on "brawls," it does our soul good to see the lion-hearted new City Judge, JOHN MCCUNN, pursuing such a praiseworthy course in giving the law's utmost to all parties brought before him for using the knife—in every instance, so far, where a knife has been drawn, the Judge has sent each and all up without mercy, and is determined to keep on doing so, having declared "war to the knife" in particular, as he considers it the most sneaking, cowardly weapon in our midst: a pistol cannot do its deadly work without attracting attention from any one in the vicinity, while a knife may be driven to the heart without the least noise, and the assassin be enabled to escape, at least from the law; but the horrors of conscience will haunt him all his days!—there's no quieting them, and nine-tenths of all murderers have such terrible visions in the night watches, and make such hideous noises, that it is impossible for any one else to sleep in the same room with them. A man may be a devil incarnate outside, but there is always a burning within that cannot be quenched.

Another thing in the fighting line, is the state of the country, which all might have been avoided had the President acted decisively on the first sign of treason. If there must be a fight, let us make a proposition—let the North and South each pick out a champion, and then arrange for a regular mill, according to the established rules, to take place in the legislative halls, with the cabinet and every federal officer for spectators; then, after the "bile" is fought out of them, shake hands and make friends again; or, instead of the people, *let the ones that make the quarrels, the fanatical blowers, be made to fight it out themselves*, with either bowie knives in a dark room, pistols at each other's heads, or cannons at ten paces, and then see how soon it would be stopped; but they wouldn't fight, not a bit of it; it ain't their gait; all they want is agitation and dissension, to be talked about and thought wonderful men; they get every one else in a state of blood heat, and then coolly laugh at their doings. If we had our way, we should have all these extreme abolitionists and fire-eaters put together in a pitch-dark cellar, and make them cut and shoot away until they could come to some kind of decision among themselves, and if none were left to tell the tale, the public would feel relieved, and once more breathe the fresh untainted air of freedom. But as this is not a political paper, we've written quite enough to show our sentiments on the "irrepressible conflict."

We met some new faces at the Art Union, such as Professor Kirbye and lady, Hattie James, M'lle Julia Anita, Miss Josephine, Bill West and J. Clusky. The old "fixtures" are all in their places: Miss Annie Bordwell, Miss Jones, W. Bordwell, Cool Burgess, Billy Jacobs, Searles, and Dave Williams. They were all good in their respective *roles*, but more particularly the great Kirbye, who is a whole show himself, doing Sampsonian feats, introducing his performing dogs, and giving his wonderful and amusing act of ventriloquism—his lady too, is, besides being a pleasing "saltator," the great Second-Sighted Woman, who tells anything you place in Prof. Kirbye's hand, the color, what metal, the exact time of a dozen separate watches, etc., etc., and has been known to name fifty different articles without a single mistake; she's "great," and everybody ought to see her in order to satisfy himself that there's no apparent trickery about it. Hattie James, though no relation to Ed., is a charmer, and improves night'y in her vocalizations. Julia Anita is the easiest dancer Boss Reeves ever saw, (and he's posted,) uniting ease with elegance. It was ver'foine, Mademoiselle. Miss Joe didn't mind the cold a bit, but whirled around in the "mazy" until nothing but tights and gauze were visible, and causing "Poarclay" to remark that he was afraid of catching cold from gazing so much on bare branches and "lo necs." "Music hath charms," "Damon and Pythias," and "The Stranger," were side-splitting, and little Dave Williams always has a new stock of stylish songs, containing hits at the times to chant with his old banjo-seph. We came near forgetting the Yankee Gal who volunteered, but whose name we cannot think of; any female who goes in for eternal improvements, as she does, is a trump, and we don't care a picayune who knows it; her lecture afforded unlimited scope for an active mind, and some of the sentences were very broad indeed. Hatk, the Mason, who took a benefit at the Melodeon on Wednesday last, kindly assisted, and was received with all the usual welcome enthusiasm.

For once "William the Conqueror" was missing from his post, and a jolly, rubicund old fel, ycleept O'd Dutch Sam, father to the young Samuel and four or five more, also a relative to the Phenomenon Sam, undertook to fill the Master of Ceremonies', rab-shells. He opened on us by hauling out the two Reeves brothers, who had been nervously waiting up stairs, with a mysterious looking bundle, up to this time. Like the caterpillar turning into a butterfly, they had doffed the modern fashion and stood forth in all the gorgeous array of frilled shirts, velveteen breeks and fancy mocassins, cunningly devised by some lady friend, who never fails being present when the young chicks are expected to bear a hand. It is nothing new to the common run of boxing patrons, as their names will have been noticed in former reports, but to the waiteresses and shemales generally it was great fun. The "old man" told us they sparred fifty per cent better up home, but on the stage before a numerous audience they were rather shy.

Nobby Clarke and Denny Horrigan.—You can say what you please, but if these chaps didn't feel as though they wanted to get even; (at least one of them,) appearances are very deceitful. Why, Denny was after him like a lamplighter, and the style he put in that right duke caused a general astonishment, especially to those who saw the two fight. The first round ended by Dreadnought receiving a dowser, and the others were so evenly contested that there wasn't a pin to choose between them—no "guinea to a bay-seed" this time, as the old-fashioned Johnny Monaghan chanted for Denny, when he had only one eye and his wind gone, up at Gottenburg. In the last, Denny grassed Nobby, which so highly elated him that he ran off grinning all over his weather-beaten phiz. We take notice, Clarke has challenged a celebrated Fourth ward feather weight, but don't think anything will come of it, though Nobby means what he says. "How's that?"

Owney Geogheghan and Nick Smith.—A "misunderstanding" prevented much of a time betwixt Old Nick and the man with the unpronounceable name—not a quarrel, oh, no! but they couldn't get the hang of each other, for when Owney dashed out his left hammer, Nick wasn't in the vicinity; and when Nick sided up close enough to get on the machinist's dial plate, the expectation of receiving a leveller deterred him from leading much; it was only in a rally that blows were exchanged of any note, and even then the struggling for the crook or back-heel was indulged in so often that to the gazer very little science was visible; when they *did* clinch, the Geogheghanites were frantic with delight, but nary fall was there, for Nick stood the cffs, and wouldn't have it. "Faugh a ballagh!"

Jerry Conklin and Mike Henry.—These two were introduced by Milage Cornell, who had doffed his "benjamin" and taken the old man's post. It will be remembered they were matched a short time since, but it ended in a forfeit from Jerry, who couldn't raise the "spons" in time. Their set to was not so interesting as expected, for Mike's strength was most too much for thirteen's fellow, and he dashed away in the most wicked manner, trying to do away with Jerry entirely. The Fourth Ward pet stopped very well for some time, and also made some good deliveries; Mike, however, didn't notice these much, but took every advantage, and for tripping Conklin in a clinch, a little goose-language was indulged in by the "Puds." After all, Conklin's health for the past year should have deterred his friends from thinking of a match under the circumstances, and now the affair is dropped, all we can do is to hope, for Jerry's sake, that "4" will be first on the "Poke" next time he plays it up at Cicero's. "How do bivalves sell now, Jerry?"

Johnny Lazarus and Dutch Sam.—For two men who are hand-in-glove together everywhere else, it is quite astonishing how revengeful they go at it "mit der gloves." Rippity bang, how their drums do fly, tho! Not the ghost of a chance would an outsider have with either of these if they fight as they spar. Now Sam steals a march on Jack, and sends in a lefter in spinning style, but he's hardly done so 'ere Lazarus has a stunning cross-counter to balance it. Then Jack essays a lead, and is served the same way, and so forth and so on. Jumping and dodging, stopping and jobbing, "here a little and there a little," now Sam gets it, and now Johnny. Maria prefers Jack and Katey thinks Sam the best, and is so sorry to see his glossy curls abused in such a manner, but never fear girls, it's only in fun, and after it's over they're just as good friends as ever, and better, too. We see Johnny is in the great Farnborough picture, and the likeness is excellent. A separate full-length portrait of him, by Newbold, of London, is also on file up in the "Failstaff."

Australian Jackson and Hughy McLain.—"It's all in my eye about that fellow's being an Australian, for he comes from Chatham street," put in a Rose velt street liquor merchant alongside of us, as he was announced. Perhaps not; but if he will send along the documents and his fights, we will be pleased to set the matter to rights in a jiffy. Until he does so, there will always be some skeptics, for we never come across him in the Australian papers, though professing to be a little posted on such subjects. He isn't a bad sparrer by no manner of means, and when we tell you that he got home frequently on "Tommy's" clock-like face, it's saying great things. He bothered the Japanese by his wriggles and giggles, for every time he led off, the Australian thought the cry was "low bridge," and he ducked his pate quite plummy—not once or twice, but thrice; and yet Hughy neglected to make a baulk, step back a little, and then come in with a slashing upper-cut, as he might have done—yes, why didn't yer do it, say? Why dont that celebrated newly imported big 'un show down town once in a while? Come on down, Grey, and don't be so bashful.

Billy Donnelly and Johnny Murphy.—Little Murphy has so much of the Donnelly about him, such as sparring at long shots and back jumping, that the latter has to force matters, and was most always first in at the fair. There's a good deal of the Hayes and Walker about them, and being on the most intimate terms of friendship, we should prefer a turn-about. It is understood that Hickey is anxious for a shy at Billy, and if so, it is more than likely they'll have a meet, without any of the quirks and quibbles so prevalent lately. At present young Donnelly is tending tor Australian Kelly at the Enterprise, 263 Bowery, where congregate all the sports of note on the east side, since the Stunted Life Guardsman "cut his stick." Kelly seconded Hickey while fighting Morton, and will prove a good adviser for Billy until the eventful day.

Williams and Milage Cornell.—Williams might have gone further and fared better, instead of visiting the A. U. for fame and glory; he was the laughing stock of the house, and made fun enough to drive the blues away for a week. As for attitude, it was like a fellow learning to skate, his hands flying around every which way, and Milage propping him so often that the fellow was most cranky, and in making a rush for his tormentor, fetched up with a spanking hit on Jack Lazarus' mug, who was quietly watching the show, causing that worthy to take a back seat at once. There's always sure to be something of this sort at every benefit: some powerful, ungainly customer, imagining he's up to snuff, will pick out somebody with a popular name, and try to rob him of it; generally the first public performance cures him, but occasionally he's foolish enough to come again. Will he try it on any more? Milage succeeds Jack Tagan in his district, and is well able to "hold his own" against all comers. Had not Tagan's friends went back on him in the late election, it is believed he would never have come to such an untimely grave. He had his faults, 'tis true, (and who has't?) but take him right through, a more manly, upright, kind-hearted, and staunch friend, it were impossible to desire. *Requiescat in pace.*

Monaghan and Macarty.—It has been said by Bill Shakespeare that "vaulting ambition doth overleap itself and fall on 'tother side." May-be so, but nobody's fell yet, and therefore it don't apply—you "don't see it," do you? Mac's ambitions, as we know, and from sparring with unknown rounders, we find him tilting gloves with the eminent Johnny Monaghan, one of the best middle weights in New York, the receiver of the prize at the tournament in White street. Phil Clare has a belt as being the best heavy weight; Monaghan is the middle do.; Dan Kerrigan, light do.; and Mike Trainor, feather weight. Opinions vary, of course, but at the same time, we think the above four wouldn't mind backing up their ideas on the subject if any gentleman questions their right. An affair of the kind, with proper advertising and arranging of names on the bills, would bear repetition, and "we don't care if we do" have another one. Mac overshot the mark for once, and Johnny "warmed his whistle" better than ever happened before; yet he was spunky to the last, and though within one of being floored a half dozen times, came up grapy every pop. Nobody denies Monaghan's having the straightest and best left hand deliveries in the State, and with this man, who was a rusher, the fact stood out boldly. "All Ireland against a farthing!"

Harry Lazarus and George Morton.—Ever since Morton's (the John Bull Fighter) *debut* in Yankee Doodledom, there's been no end of chaff as to how Harry would make out with George, and *vice versa*, shou'd they ever bare knuckles together. We've noted all the different opinions, but it would be unjust to express our own ideas on the point until the proper time, for where there is pretty sure to be a match, to prejudge would subject us to merited rebuke. Morton challenged Harry, and the latter accepted all but the terms—$500 being hardly enough to pay for loss of time and pupils, as also training expenses. There is little doubt but that George will find friends to sock up five centuries more, and if so, depend upon it, an awful fight will be the consequence. If George meant business he was to meet Harry on his benefit night, and when the stunted bantam kept his promise by appearing to wind-up, you can't imagine the excitement it created. Chairs and tables were mounted, and the fair ladies cared nothing for an order, but took leg bail for the gallery amongst the hard shells. All being O. K., (not Paddy O'Keefe) the stage-struck patrons all got back, and Johnny was by his father's side in a twinkling; then "time" was called, and like two game cocks they fairly flew at each other. Harry reached his nob first and dodged George's, but next time the stranger planted one of his cutting left-arm upper-cuts, and jumped away to see the effect; together again, George napped the first rap, and repeated his wonderful lefter, when Harry bored him against the sides. For a half-dozen rounds the most vicious and cutting hits were exchanged, George doing most damage and drawing the blood slightly. Harry was down twice, and hardly knew how to take him, with all his brilliant science, for the lad's style is something entirely new over here—his most telling blows being delivered with the left in form of an upper-cut, to stop which of course must require considerable practice. There's a good deal of the Yankee Sullivan about him, for the instant he gets home, he goes to laughing and chaffing, and don't appear to mind the punching he gets himself, in the least. After a rattling round, they were on the point of making their adieu, but, it wouldn't work, and another was insisted on—it was given, but lasted hardly a minute, being "short and sweet," with Morton under at the finish. As they lay, a rush was made, and the two completely hidden from view, during which all kinds of rumors prevailed as to what was going on then. In a nervous state of anxiety, the audience were startled by seeing George dive between a fellow's legs, and with a bound he sprang amongst the crowd, without coat or hat, and the gloves still encasing his mawleys: another rush, and everybody bellowing and hallooing in the wildest manner; George was secured, and carried bodily to the stage again, when he shouted that "he'd fight him for nothing!" This was followed by a perfect thunder storm of cheering and groaning, one fellow jumping up and crowing like a rooster. Both men were then surrounded by partizans, and many thought there was going to be an Irish row, but, thanks to some leading sports, not a hair of any body's head was hurt. Morton made many friends, but evidently expected trouble, and was for getting out of it the easiest way. He was escorted home by about fifty of the roughs, many following out of curiosity, or to get a good look at this hairy piece of oak. Harry Lazarus is not in the least to blame for the trouble, and regrets it as badly as any one, but we fear it has great y widened the breach, and there'll have to be a ring fight to settle it. Johnny Lazarus is anxious to fight Morton after Harry's match is over, so that George is likely to have plenty of work, notwithstanding the panic and hard times. Thus ended the most exciting set-to ever witnessed in our city, and thus ended a jolly benefit and a good time generally, long to be remembered, and, in fact, never to be forgotten by at least two, if not more. We can't do better than propose three cheers for Harry Lazarus and George Morton, as a finale to our report: "Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!! t-g-a-n-r!"

NEWS!—We notice that our friend Daniel Freil, or as he is more familiarly called, "Little Dan," has started a news agency on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, in close proximity to where we used to sell papers before we got promoted to the editorial chair. Dan has a good assortment of all the daily and weekly papers, including, of course, the CLIPPER, and hopes by attention to business to obtain a share of public patronage. We hope so, too; for Dan is deserving of encouragement.

CRICKET.

UNION CRICKET CLUB AVERAGES.—The averages of this, one of the leading clubs of Philadelphia, given below, include all the matches in which any of their members have taken part, such as the 11 in which any of their members have taken part, such as the 11 English vs 18 Americans. Their playing membership list, it will be observed, is a long one, and some of their figures reach a high point; both of which facts are indicative of strength. We observe that there are seven who have reached an average of ten and upwards; Morgan's 13 and 3 over, for nine innings, with 18 as the highest score in one innings, stamp him as being a good, reliable batsman, although we think Howe's 10 and 10 over entitle him to equal rank, on account of the greater number of innings (20) played by him, 19 being his highest score. This deduction may be wrong, perhaps, for to get a correct idea of their respective merits, it is necessary to know what kind of bowling their runs were obtained against. All other things being equal, however, such as bowling, fielding, &c., we are of the opinion that notwithstanding Morgan's excess in figures, they are both well matched, and both equally reliable for a captain to fall back on, to draw a match out of the fire. Vernou's bowling is pretty good, and we should call it first class, were it not for the very large number of extras. We have never seen the gentleman bowl, but presume he is one of those who bowl over their strength, and sacrifice precision for speed. If so, we should advise him to remedy it at once. Eighty-two extras are altogether too many for a season's bowling. However, we shall look for something better next season. Here are the figures:—

BATSMEN'S AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings	Runs	Average and Over	Highest Score in one Inn'gs.	Highest Score in a Match.	Times Not Out
Alsop	2	7	3.1	7	7	0
Bailey	16	68	4.4	11	12	2
Banes	6	20	3.2	6	10	0
Bingham	8	38	5.3	22	22	3
Blakiston	16	145	9.1	24	42	2
Boller	4	20	5.0	6	10	0
Bridges	2	11	5.1	7	11	0
Clay	19	154	8.2	24	24	0
Collis	7	40	5.5	10	12	0
Crawford, J.	6	35	5.5	9	11	0
Crawford, R.	5	20	4.0	4	8	0
Creely	18	190	10.10	28	40	3
De Courcey	9	67	7.4	15	20	1
Dechert	3	12	4.0	6	7	0
Eisenbrey	5	21	4.1	6	9	1
Gaskell	2	6	3.0	3	6	0
Green	22	160	7.6	20	10	1
Hamburger	6	24	4.0	11	11	0
Hart	6	21	3.3	8	13	2
Hill	12	120	10.0	48	48	1
Howe	20	210	10.10	19	32	0
Howell	9	45	5.0	12	15	0
Hoy	10	70	7.0	14	20	0
Hoyt	12	135	11.3	45	45	3
Hunt	11	90	8.2	10	15	0
Knox	14	130	9.4	17	30	0
Lynch	6	32	5.2	6	11	1
Morgan	9	120	13.3	18	26	1
Rosengarten	13	75	5.10	27	27	5
Stevens	11	99	8.2	14	26	1
Stone	3	32	10.2	24	24	1
Vernou	10	240	12.0	58	58	0
Walker	2	10	5.0	4	10	1
Warburton	3	14	4.2	5	7	0
Waterman	13	117	9.0	40	40	1
Wells	4	18	4.2	5	9	1
Willing	4	20	5.0	6	11	1

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Balls	Runs	Maidens	Wickets	Average and Over	Wide Balls	No Balls
Bailey	450	130	10	31	4.6	3	2
Blakiston	1004	480	54	103	4.68	41	4
De Coursey	312	80	31	21	3.17	2	0
Green	780	212	47	26	8 4	10	9
Hoyt	760	192	50	34	5.22	27	12
Hunt	810	421	62	116	3.73	33	2
Stevens	281	80	12	12	6 8	12	0
Vernou	1613	672	92	180	3.132	79	3
Waterman	640	214	39	32	6.16	58	6

ALL UNITED CRICKET CLUB AVERAGES FOR 1860.—The batting averages of this Philadelphia club are calculated according to the rule that a "not out" does not count as an innings. This club was organized last spring, and, during the first year of its existence its members played five matches, of which they lost three and won two. The first eleven won with the American Eleven, of the St. George, of Philadelphia, and with the first eleven of the Osceola; they lost with the second eleven of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, (Stevens, one of the best batsmen in that city, making 47 against three.) The second eleven lost with the first elevens of the Othello and Columbia, respectively. Next season they will be better organized, and will commence early, with the full hope of meeting with better success. They wish to play matches with the second elevens of the Union, Philadelphia, and Germantown, and the first elevens of the Osceola, Othello, and Ashland, and the American Eleven of the St. George of that city; also the Brandywine Club, of West Chester, Pa.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches	Innings	Times Not Out	Runs	Average and Over	Highest Score in a Match.	Highest Score in an Inn'gs.
1. Kimmerer	2	4	1	44	14.2	28	28
2. King	4	7	2	61	12.1	20	19
3. Diehl	3	5	1	44	11.0	27	20
4. Everett	3	4	0	35	8.3	17	10
5. Stewart	3	5	0	39	7.4	27	27
6. Keller	3	5	0	25	5.0	12	7
7. Watson	2	4	0	19	4 3	11	9
8. J C Lynch	4	6	0	22	3.4	12	9
9. Lower	2	2	1	3	3 0	3	3
10. Spangler	4	7	1	17	2.5	7	5
11. Everhardt	3	5	0	14	2.4	11	10
12. Wm Airey	3	5	1	10	2.2	9	8
13. Duncan	2	4	0	8	2.0	8	8
14. Harris	2	4	2	4	2.0	3	3
15. Zimmerling	3	4	0	6	1.2	5	5
16. Washington Airey	3	5	0	6	1.1	5	5
17. F A Lynch	3	5	0	5	1.0	3	2
18. A F Lynch	1	2	0	1	0.1	1	1
19. Kayser	2	3	1	1	0.1	1	1

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Balls	Runs	Maidens	Wickets	Wide Balls	No Balls
Zimmerling	372	77	26	18	9	0
Lower	274	38	26	15	3	0
Washington Airey	267	90	9	12	31	1
J C Lynch	194	75	5	11	0	0
Kemmerer	108	35	4	6	0	0
Stewart	30	15	0	1	1	0
Spangler	10	12	0	0	2	0
Everett	18	12	0	0	0	0
King	6	2	0	0	0	0

At a recent meeting they elected the following named gentlemen as officers for the ensuing term:—President, J C Lynch; Vice-President, A. Keller; Secretary, A T Lynch; Treasurer, F. A. Lynch; Committee, Messrs. J. C Lynch, J. B. Diehl, W. Airey, C. King and C. Zimmerling.

SEVERAL HOLIDAY POPS.—The first of these, for a "little pile," came off on Christmas Day among the boys of Swatara, Schuylkill County, Pa. Conditions, to shoot from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 60 yards fall, 1¼ oz shot, to trap for each other—3 birds respectively. The following is the score:—

T. Purnell.....001 | J. Herasa.....000

The second took place on New Year's Day, at the same place; conditions also the same, with the exception of $10 for the stake, and 5 birds each. Of these, Daniel Hughes winged 4, David Weir 3.

The third was also for $10, and 5 birds each, and as the preceding, was contested by the Swatara boys, on the 1st inst. David Rees brought down a trio of birds, as did his rival, Robert Thomas.

A fourth, of exactly the same conditions as the third, then came off, when William Thomas and Daniel Hughes tied on four birds each. It being proposed to decide the question at 3 birds out of 5 each, the friends of Thomas backed out, drawing their money.

HOG SLAUGHTERING.—On Tuesday, 8th inst., a hog slaughtering came off at Newkirk's City Hotel, Reading, which attracted considerable of a crowd, notwithstanding many attractions elsewhere, both military and civic, which found vent in various ways in burning powder, &c., in commemoration of "Old Hickory's" battles. A box was opened for those fond of guessing, which, upon examination, was found to contain the sum of $29 50. This was awarded respectively to our worthy host, Peter Lantz, Esq., Jno. Yeager, Good & Co., who each guessed the precise weight of the porker, 590 lbs. Our friend Newkirk is celebrated for his slaughtering of mammoth porkers, and is a whole-souled boniface; his motto is "live and let live." May his shadow never grow less in this sublunary world of confusion and fanaticism. "More anon."

REFLECTOR.

MAIN NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—A main of cocks was fought at the Basin, near Fairhill, Philadelphia, on New Year's Day, but the proprietor seems to have permitted the use of such filthy language that those present were disgusted, and will not attend again unless such conduct is abolished

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL ON THE ICE.—The base ball fraternity of Rochester, N. Y., made a most sensible use of their holiday on New Year's day, by playing a match at base ball on the ice, which attracted to the vicinity of the Float Bridge, some twenty-five hundred spectators, including a proportionate sprinkling of the fair sex. The opposing forces were the Lone Star and Live Oak nines, the latter taking first turn at the bat, and scoring three. Some glorious sport followed, superseding, if possible, anything that had been seen there on the turf, and we might add, that it was of the most exhilarating description, as was attested by the glowing cheeks of the respective players. The game was continued to the end, with as much energy as at the commencement; although matters turned round in favor of the Lone Star, which club finally won by 13 runs. We append the score:—

LONE STAR. NAMES.	H L.	RUNS.	LIVE OAK. NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.
Sullivan, catcher	1	4	Backus, catcher	2	2
Daniels, pitcher	4	1	S A Loder, pitcher	2	1
Gates, 3d base	2	3	Putnam, 1st base	3	1
Manning, field	4	2	Whittlesey, short stop	3	1
Schoeffel, 1st bass	1	4	Calhoun, 3d base	4	0
Chappell, 2d base	2	2	Geo. Loder, short stop	3	1
Ridley, centre field	4	1	Gregg, left field	4	0
Adams, short stop	5	0	Hartman, 2d base	3	0
Ham, left field	2	2	Newell, right field	1	2
Dwyer, right field	2	2	Babcock, centre field	2	0
Total	21		Total		8

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Lone Star	1	1	4	3	3	3	2	2	2	21
Live Oak	3	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	8

Home runs were made by Putnam of the Live Oaks, and by Manning, Schoeffel and Ridley, of the Lone Star.

Umpire—L. A Ellis, Flour City.

Scorers—For Lone Star, J. M Booth; for Live Oak, R. McCauley.

The above match was brought about by a challenge issued by the Live Oaks, on Dec. 28, 1860, which was promptly responded to by the Lone Star, and, as stated above, was fixed for January 1, 1861. We are not informed whether a return match is to be played, but presume such will be the case. Cannot some of our New York clubs get up a contest on one of our Central Park ponds? Let not our Rochester friends be ice-olated in this respect.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Jan. 1, 1861.—Baker and Newton—£15 a side, left open for £25 a side—Home Circuit.

1, 1861.—Cobley and Johnson—£15 a side, catch-weight,

7, 1861.—Collishaw and Bramley—£15 a side, catch weight, within thirty miles of Derby.

8, 1861.—J. Atkins and T. Hall—£10 a side, catch weight, within 50 miles of Birmingham.

15, 1861.—Reardon and Shipp—£50 a side, Bristol.

From late London papers up to Dec. 30.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—SAM HURST AND JEM MACE

In consequence of the length of time intervening before the next deposit, which takes place at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, on Feb. 7, 1861, the excitement in London and its environs has cooled down for a short space of time, which, as the day draws near, will no doubt be revived to an extent on a par with that of the late international contest between Heenan and Tom Sayers, whose enthusiastic reception throughout the provinces prove to the letter the undying appreciation of bull dog courage and perseverance which pervades all classes of Englishmen, from the highest to the humblest. Another proof of the popularity of pugilism is the fact that Jem Mace (who is matched with the *Stalybridge Hero*) has recently been invited to visit the Emerald Isle, to exhibit his prowess at the Rotunda, in Dublin, accompanied by Johnny Walker, one of the most renowned of the talent among the lighter weights, and a most cordial welcome they received. Mace, on each occasion of his appearance during his two days' sparring, was honored with most encouraging support. Sam Hurst, we are happy to state, has almost recovered from the effects of his late accident, and is brimful of confidence, besides which he expresses a wish that Heenan, who could not defeat Sayers, and who would not stake up against him (Sam Hurst) may be present on the day. Hurst states he was present on that eventful day, and feels assured that either with the winner or the loser of the forthcoming fight he (Heenan) would find his master. Young King is still looking out for a job, and it is the wish of his heart to fight Heenan, should he think it worth while to make a match preparatory to fighting the winner of the next battle for the belt.

FIGHTS FOR TUESDAY, JAN. 1.

NEWTON AND BAKER FOR £30, IN THE HOME CIRCUIT.—The whole of the money, £30, has been staked at the office of the *Sporting Life*, who are final stakeholders for the mill at catch weight, which takes place in the Home Circuit, on Tuesday, Jan. 1, between Baker and Newton. Both lads are reported to be in first-rate fettle, therefore an affair of more than usual interest may be looked forward to as the inauguration of the doings of the P. R for 1861. Baker, of Mile-end, will be at Mr. Bailey's, Bluecoat Boy, Dorset-street, Spitalfields. Newton will take his departure from Mr. Forster's, Northumberland Arms, Fashion-street, Spitalfields, at which house both men, according to articles, have to show on Monday, 31st, between the hours of twelve and two. An early hour of the morning is named for meeting at the place of *rendezvous*. Newton and Baker, Cobley and Johnson, will fight at the same time and place, two rings being formed for the occasion. Full reports of these interesting mills will be published in our next issue.

JOHNSON AND COBLEY, £15 A SIDE.—The whole of the money, £30, is now down, in the hands of the final stakeholder, on behalf of the mill, at catch weight, between Cobley, the brother of the renowned Elastic Potboy, and Johnson, who lately had a rough turn-up, have taken this manly method of settling their difference. An early hour in the morning is fixed upon as the time of departure.

DEATH OF NED DONNELLY.

It is with regret we have to announce the departure from this life of another of the old school of boxers, which took place on Sunday, Dec. 23, and whose name has been as "familiar" to all sporting men as "household words." We allude to the celebrated Ned Donnelly, of Glasgow, who was born in 1828, and whose fighting-weight was 9st 6lb. His first performance was with a collier, for £2 a side, at Dalmarneck Bridge, March 19, 1845. He then beat McNeil (near Glasgow), 1845; beat Angus M'Kay, £25 a side, Dec., 1846; beat Clarke, £10 a side, April, 1848; beat James, of Nottingham, £20 a side, Point of Ayr, Oct. 11, 1848; beat Collins, £25 a side, Dartford Marshes, Dec. 11th, 1849. Had two undecided battles with Bill Hayes in 1851. Beaten by George Brown, a foul blow, staking £30 to £15, Long Reach, 1852. Beat Mike Madden, £50 a side, foul blow, Long Reach, Dec. 28th, 1852. In March, 1853, fought a draw with Jones, of Portsmouth, £50 a side, after contending for two hours and sixteen minutes. In June, 1853, was beaten by Jones, £100 a side, Brandon-heath. This last battle was the close of his career in the P R, from which time his course, we are sorry to say, has been invariably downwards; and no doubt reverses of fortune, combined with other causes, accelerated his death from consumption at the early age of thirty-two. His interment took place Sunday, 31st ult, at Highgate cemetery.

HARRY BROOME AT "A LITTLE SUPPER" IN THE HAYMARKET!

It is an old and trite saying, that "one half the world is ignorant of the doings of the other half. Nowhere is the truth of this more fully borne out than in the metropolis, which all writers, of whatever shade of opinion on other subjects, have universally designated as the "great world of London." The graphic pens of "Mayhew" and "Sala" have drawn every variety and phase of London life in such life-like colors, that its many aspects are doubtless still fresh before the imagination of our readers; but notwithstanding the universal range of those incomparable geniuses, the public are now and then startled by the publication of incidents quite exceptional, and which, but for the remorseless talons of the "beak" and his brood, or the "sheriff" and his myrmidons, would pass away without the unsuspecting public having the benefit of their recital. We are indebted to the "Sheriff's Court" for a sparkling little episode from life in the Haymarket, which might fairly take rank in the pages of "London Labor and the London Poor, or Twice Round the Clock." We reproduce the facts as they appeared in the columns of a daily contemporary on Saturday last:—

"PRICE OF A SUPPER IN THE HAYMARKET.—Yesterday (Friday), in the Sheriff's Court, before Mr. Kerr, a case was heard, 'Beissco vs. Good win,' to recover £11 2s., the price of what was described as 'a little supper in the Haymarket.' The plaintiff, an ex-pugilist, keeps refreshment-rooms in the Haymarket, and the defendant, with some friends, male and female, supped at his house. Mr. Henry Broome and four women were present, and partook of champagne, pale ale, lemonade, cigars, &c. Belasco's waiter, in reply to a question, said the price of a supper in the Haymarket was 'according to what you have.' Sixpence a piece was the charge for cigars. His Honor: This is an undefended case, gentlemen, and you will find for the plaintiff. Verdict for the plaintiff. Mr. Barnard: I am instructed to apply for certificate. Your Honor thinks this is a fit case to be tried in a superior court. His Honor: Oh, yes; it is right we should know how things go on in the world. (Laughter)"

Our readers will doubtless join us in thanking Mr. Sheriff Kerr for the resolution come to at the instigation of Mr. Barnard, and in congratulating "His Honor" upon his opinion that, "it is right we should know how things go on in the world!" The secret "doings" of "the Court, the Camp" have in all ages been an unfailing source of entertainment to the outer, vulgar world. "The grove," too, has not unfrequently furnished the gossip and scandal-monger with most palatable food. But how many secret springs and under currents of life have ever yet remained undiscovered? They wind and run, darkling and moving along, while the great surge of life rolls endlessly on. Suppose we attempt the exploration of one of these mysterious streams, and trace the intricacies, windings, and branchings of that moral Niger, the Ring! But we are premature. We would not attempt to lay bare any of the private acts of ex champions, far less to draw a picture of the early morning revels of a Belasco or a Broome. No—while the case is confided to the care of Mr. Goodwin's legal adviser, we are sure all the instruments for extorting facts will be put in requisition, and we feel confident that the judge of the superior tribunal before whom it will come for trial will see that the thumb screw of cross examination will be vigorously applied. We await the result; meantime our only fear is that Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, of Palace back stair notoriety, may seize upon the thread of his first chapter, and spin it out into one of his own mud stirring tales.

This little law proceeding seems to have given rise to a difficulty between Harry Broome and Ben Caunt, and the following correspondence is the result:—

HARRY BROOME AND BEN CAUNT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR,—A most unwarrantable liberty has been taken with my name in the columns of *Bell's Life in London*, by Mr. Caunt. In alluding to some recent litigation of mine, arising from the bad faith of others, Mr. Caunt has the audacity to make a begging appeal to the public on my behalf, and without my authority, knowledge, or sanction. When I request to make such an appeal, it shall be done on my own responsibility, which, I flatter myself, stands pre eminent to his, both in its social and sporting capacity. "Charity," I have always been taught from my cradle upwards, begins at home, and I would suggest the propriety of Mr. Caunt's fostering his ideas of that, which a brother professional ought to do, and not gratuitously speculate on my future prospects and conditions of life, with a manifest mockery of generosity.

Mr. Caunt will be good enough to understand that I do not belong to his circle, and that the unmanly introduction of my wife and children's names in connection with the "Dumb Bells and Boxing Gloves of his Temple of Elegance in St. Martin's lane," is anything but acceptable to me. However, as this is the Christian time for forgiveness, I pardon the ignorance and impertinence of "Caunt," as I am well assured that the quotation *ex nihilo nihil fit*, was never more applicable than in this instance.

If my friends visiting the pantomime at the "Old Drury," will, for my own sake, give me a good turn, and not through any acknowledged agency and gross interference of Caunt's, visit my hostelrie, they will, as heretofore, receive at my hands, "three things," which I am proud to say have belonged to me since I commenced business, viz: civility, attention, and articles of the best description.

In taking leave of Mr. Caunt, I have to remind him that I am proprietor of two licenses from "St. Martin's-in-the Fields," and when he gets one, "I hope he'll keep it." When I want to beg, I shall not begin at "The Refuge for the Destitute," but rely upon the public at large, to one and all of whom I wish a Happy New Year.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. BROOME

Crown and Cushion, Russell-street,

Drury Lane, 20th Dec., 1860.

P. S. I wish the sporting world to understand that my name is Henry Alfred Broome, and that I am in no way related or connected with the Young Broome, who assumes that name. H. B.

BEN CAUNT AND HARRY BROOME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR:—In the sarcastic, and I call it nasty, unfeeling letter in reference to myself, which appeared in your last week's paper, alluding to my proffered assistance, which on my part was truly genuine towards Harry Broome; he in that letter wished it to be supposed by a generous public, by whom we have both been, and are still, supported in business, that I could never entertain such principles of generosity, because we were not in close friendship. He must there have greatly forgotten himself and past favors I have done for him in cases of need, and when by him really required. However, it would never have been a wish of mine to mention the circumstance, nor is it my present wish to be on intimate terms with a man who apparently is insensible to former kindnesses. What I did publish was purely out of good feeling, knowing that he was "insolvent," as will be seen in last Sunday's papers law proceedings. Some time since Harry Broome wrote to the public papers an appeal on my behalf, when he assumed me to be in difficulties. That, on his part, was entirely uncalled for, yet I took it as I thought it was meant in good fellowship, although at that time I could, as well as now, buy him out of house and home.—I am, sir, yours, &c., B CAUNT.

Coach and Horses Tavern, St. Martin's lane, December 28.

CATCHWEIGHT FIGHT.—Fleet of Dudley Port and Cooper of Wolverhampton, were to have contended on Wednesday, 26th ult., at catch weight, for £15 a side. Fleet having won the toss for choice of place named Silly Oak Valley, on the Worcester-road. The men were on the ground at eight o'clock, but through some mismanagement the ropes and stakes were not forthcoming, and Cooper therefore refused to fight, to the great disappointment of a large number who were present. A fight, however, for twenty minutes, took place for a purse between Mick the Grecian and another, Mick having the best of it, when it was put an end to by the sudden appearance of the police.

SHIPP AND REARDON.—This match has ended in a forfeit on the part of Reardon, when no less than £49 a side was down. We stated last week that Reardon's deposit had not arrived, and on Wednesday we received a letter from Dan Thomas, enclosing the money, and stating that he had directed a man to send it the previous week, but it had been neglected. This is to be regretted, but the money not having been sent in time, Shipp is clearly entitled to the forfeit, which he has claimed. It will be a lesson to Thomas not to trust other people in matters of business. Mr. Hodgson, the backer of Shipp, informs us that Reardon has not been training, and that his backers, finding him out of condition, had offered to take £6 to forfeit, to which he had agreed, and hence the non-arrival of the deposit last week. This gives a very different color to the transaction. We shall send the money to Shipp, and the £5 to Dan Thomas, at the Cambrian, Cardiff. Another £5, which we have since received for Reardon, from Mr. Morrell of Bristol, shall also be returned.

BEN TERRY of Birmingham and J. Hill (alias Macky Hill) of Redditch, are matched to fight at catch weight, for £25 a side. £1 a side is down, and they meet at Terry's, the Plough Inn, Suffolk street, to-morrow (Monday) to draw up articles.

BISHOP AND MORRIS.—These lads are matched for £5 a side, and have staked £1 a side.

MAY AND WALKER.—The match at catch weight, for £10 a side, between these Tipton men is off, Walker having forfeited.

FIGHT NEAR SHEFFIELD.—JAMES CURLEY AND WM. DICKENSON, (alias BILLY HARRY)—On Wednesday, 26th ult, these men fought at Midhope Stones, about twelve miles from Sheffield, for £8 a side. The former was attended by Ned Cunningham and J. Richards, whilst Joe Grinold and Johnny Lake waited on Billy. The fight lasted twenty minutes, all one way, Curley getting on very frequently, and knocked him out of time in the last round. At the end of the time stated, a second fight took place, for £2 10s. each, between two lads, who gloried in the cognomens of "Bricky" and "Gouty," who both work in the brick-yard, and fancied a friendly box to see which was the better man. A gamer hand-to-hand old English fight was never seen, fair down slogging being the order of the day, and after fighting one hour and three quarters, poor Gouty, who would be at least 7lb the lightest, was obliged to leave off, the several cross buttocks on the hard ground having shook him severely, in addition to which the little fellow has one leg two inches shorter than the other.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE OF TEN MILES—BARKER AND WHITE.—At least 1,500 spectators assembled at the White Lion, Hackney White, on Wednesday, 26th ult., to see this match, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that Barker is a great favorite among the metropolitan pedestrians, and that White's career as a runner has been something extraordinary. On this occasion, however, although he had been some time under the care of W. Price, he by no means showed his usual condition and form, not having given himself time to retrieve the inroads of somewhat too free living. Barker looked extremely well, and had evidently come to the post determined to win. The distance to be run was ten miles, Barker having 2½ minutes start. On the signal being given, he dashed off at a clipping pace, covering in his allowed time about three laps and eighty yards out of the sixty-eight laps which made up the whole distance. The office was now given to White, who was greatly cheered at going off, and as he came sweeping round the bend of the course in the first lap he displayed all that fine style and action for which he is so noted, and from the manner in which he was slashing along his friends imagined that he would soon have the race in his own hands. White continued to gain on his opponent up to the ninth lap, when, in coming into the straight, he succeeded in passing Barker, and speedily left a wide gap between them. White continued to gain upon his man until more than two miles of the distance had been completed, when he appeared to fall off in a marked manner, and was not running with anything like his former freedom. From the third mile Barker, to the astonishment of White's backers, began to gain, approaching with every succeeding lap nearer his man, until White was coming down the straight run for the finish of his fourth mile, when Barker, who had been waiting on him, came to the front, and was soon leading by almost the same distance as when they started. The instant White had been passed he pulled up and resigned, being so distressed that he was not able to continue the struggle with a chance of success. Barker was now left to run the remainder of the distance by himself, but after he had run some additional laps, White's attendant came to the referee, and said there was no necessity for Barker to run the distance out.

SEVEN MILES WALKING HANDICAP.—The Christmas sports at West Brampton, commenced here on the 24th ult., there being present a strong muster of the patrons and supporters of pedestrianism to witness the above event, which was for a handsome silver pint cup, given by Mr. J. Roberts, the proprietor, there being in addition, money prizes for the second and third men. From the number of well-known performers who had entered, the affair produced much excitement. The pedestrians who entered were fairly handicapped according to their previous doings, and at three o'clock they made their appearance on the course, which was in fine order, and, under the direction of J. Smith and Mr. Roberts, who kept time, started thus:—W. Spooner, scratch; J. Hotine, 1½ min start; J. Jenns, 2min; Syms, 4min; Stratford, 4min; Shepherd, 4min; Myers, 4min; J. Smith, 4½min; Buxton, 4½ min; Jacques, 6min; Beanland, 6min; Holliman, 7min. Although Beanland and Holliman, from their long start, were much in advance, yet from the style in which they were walking it soon became apparent that they had not the remotest chance of being successful. The first who retired from the match was Syms, who did not go more than one mile, having pulled up upon the finish of the fourth lap, this example being soon afterwards followed by Holliman, so that the field was now reduced to ten. Ere the commencement of the third mile, Shepherd was also found to be "used up," for he now made his exit from the course. The leading competitors were now Smith and Buxton; then came Myers and Stratford, Jenns next while in the rear of them came Hotine and Spooner, who was rapidly gaining on the leading trios. The match thus progressed up to the tenth lap (two miles and a half), when Stratford cut it. From this point of the match Spooner rapidly gained upon his men up to the 21st lap (five miles and a quarter), when he came to the front, the position of the competitors at this point being thus:—Spooner with the lead, Smith second, Buxton third, Myers fourth, Hotine fifth, Jacques a long way in the rear, and Beanland still further. Jenns, who had been cautioned by the referee many times, was now disqualified for unfair walking, and we are compelled to add that Spooner, when he made his wonderful spurts, had strong disapprobation expressed by the spectators on his style; but still, the gentlemen who officiated as judges did not think it requisite to interfere. When once the lead had been taken by Spooner the result was never in doubt, and while walking the last mile, Myers and Hotine succeeded in passing Smith and Buxton. When Smith had been passed he pulled up and resigned, and in this example he was followed by Jacques and Beanland. There was no change in the position of the remaining competitors, and on the finish of the distance Spooner was hailed the winner, Hotine second, Myers [who walked very fair throughout] third, Buxton fourth. Time, 61min. 57½sec.

AT THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPION BELT, at Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, on the 22d ult., the attendance was above an average, probably about 2000 persons being assembled within the enclosure. The contest set down for decision was a race of one mile, between S. Albison of Bowlee, near Middleton, and C. Mower of Dereham, for £25 a side and the champion belt. Some of our pedestrian readers may remember that the trophy was given by Mr Hayes, and was first competed for on his course, on the 11th of August last, on which occasion Albison carried off the prize. Shortly afterwards W. Lang of Middleborough, who was, amongst others, defeated, challenged Albison to another struggle, which came off in October, and again the champion successfully defended the belt, he beating Lang by a yard in the fastest mile race on record, the time being 4min 22½sec. Doubtless, in consequence of Albison's unparalleled performance, he was decidedly the favorite for the event under notice, the betting being 2 to 1, 5 to 2, and in some instances 3 to 1 being laid on him. At about a quarter to four o'clock Albison entered the course, succeeded by Mower, and they at once proceeded to the mark, and no time was wasted, a cry being soon raised, "They're off." For a short distance the favorite led, but Mower soon gave him the go-by, and proceeded to increase the pace. On they came to the stand, at which point Mower increased his lead about eight yards; and during the next revolution of the ground (there being three laps to the mile), no change had occurred in their positions, about half a dozen yards then separating them. When they arrived at the far side of the course in the final round, Albison began to creep nearer his formidable opponent, and the energies of each were now brought fully into play. Having rounded the last bend, the race became a very interesting one, and near the entrance gate to the ground, Albison, for an instant, got in front, he being at the time almost exhausted. Mower then gave a spurt, whereby he resumed the lead, and, when about 30 yards from home, Albison seemed determined to make another effort; but, when doing so he slipped, owing to the frost, and this *contretemps* enabled Mower to achieve victory by about eight yards, having accomplished the distance in 4 min. 24sec. The pedestrians were brought to the mark in superior condition. Mower having been prepared by his backer, G. Martin, of Salford; and Albison had been, as formerly, trained by J. Etchells, of Failsworth. W. Lang, of Manchester, formerly of Middleborough, is willing to run Mower, in accordance with the conditions, for £25 a side and the belt, in six weeks.

ANOTHER WALKING MATCH.—Seel and W. Spooner.—At West Brompton, the 26th ult., there was a very strong muster to witness the match between these celebrated pedestrians, who had to contend for supremacy in a walk of two miles, for £25 a side, Spooner giving £3 for expenses; so that Seel should allow the match to come off in the neighborhood of London. Spooner had taken his breathings under the care of that experienced trainer, John Smith (the once famed Regent street Pet), and like his opponent he was stated, and his look gave assurance it was so, to be in tip-top condition. The partisans of Spooner were wonderfully sanguine, and on the commencement of betting at once made him the favorite at 6 to 4, the London division evincing the greatest desire to get on at that price. When the umpires and referee had been appointed the pedestrians made their appearance on the course. The toss for choice of sides was won by Seel, who, on taking up his position on the inside of the course, had his opponent on the left hand. The question was put by the starter of "Are you both ready?" which they having on the instant responded to in the affirmative, the signal was given, when off they bounded at a tremendous pace, the lead being just in favor of Seel, who headed his opponent by a yard, and this position he maintained throughout the performance of the first lap. Away they went, the pace throughout the second round still being terrific, but in the position of the pedestrians there was not the least alteration, the lead being kept by the provincial, who, however, had his opponent close upon him, and thus they continued up to the completion of the fourth lap (one mile), when Seel headed his man about three yards. Although the provincial had thus the lead in his favor, and they were now commencing the second and last mile, still he had by no means the match in hand, for Spooner, in the rear, was pacing along at the same tremendous rate. It was in the sixth lap (one mile and a half) that the most critical turn of the match occured, and the excitement that prevailed among the spectators was immense. Spooner, on the commencement of this lap, was resolved to strain every nerve to obtain the lead, and Steel also did his utmost to maintain his advantage, and when Spooner got just upon his quarter, Seel was, on the finish of the lap, enabled to again shoot a little ahead of him. With indomitable pluck Spooner continued to contest every foot of ground with his opponent to the finish, and so close a thing was it that Seel did not go in a winner by more than three yards, both men being much exhausted. Time, 13 min. 50 sec.

GYMNASTIC TOURNAMENT IN CHICAGO—A FAILURE.—We regret to learn that the gymnastic tournament, which took place in Chicago last week, proved a failure. A correspondent gives us the following particulars:—

"The opening was fixed for Monday, 7th inst., but resulted very unsatisfactorily and unsuccessfully. The committee hired Dr. G. B. Winship to open with a lecture at Bryan Hall, expecting his reputation would draw a good house, but the receipts at the door were only $43 00. The next night, Tuesday, the receipts were only $11 50, and they abandoned the affair as a bad job, being losers to the amount of $500 in advertising, printing posters, Winship's pay, &c., &c. The committee had received letters from hundreds of gymnasts all over the country, stating that they would be there, but only four men from outside of Chicago presented themselves when the time came. Thousands of the citizens of Chicago had requested the committee to get Winship, as they wanted to see him; but when the time came only $43,00 worth of them had any curiosity to be present.

"The prize of $200 for the strongest man, was won by Mr. W. Thomson, and we herewith give a history of the affair. After the lecture the test of strength commenced. They had a lifting apparatus, consisting of a lifting table with graduated iron weights, which is the best possible apparatus for lifting that could be devised; but Winship objected to it, and at an expense of $20 the committee procured horses, planks, kegs of nails, &c., &c., to suit him. Winship commenced by lifting 9 kegs of nails, and then put on another, making, with the chains, ropes, &c., about 1080 pounds, which he lifted with the hands alone. Mr. Thomson then lifted the 9 kegs of nails, and afterwards the 10 kegs, although he did not lift them as clean and nice as Winship did, for the following reasons: First, his handle and connecting rods weighed 19 pounds more than Winship's, and being of different length, he was obliged to raise himself 16 inches by standing on some blocks of wood, which rocked about and made a very unsteady footing. Winship then put on his harness, and lifted 1417 pounds, which Mr. Thomson also lifted with his harness. Winship then, in attempting to drive his bar, which supported the nails, a little to one side, broke

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

EXERCISE A GREAT PROPELLER.—Referring to the lives of the men who have been the pioneers of the millions, in both a physical and mental point of view, we have been impressed with one signal characteristic—activity of body, or, in other words, the habit of out of door exercise. That this peculiarity should have been found in men whose bodily exertions were the point to be consulted, and the proper means by which he possessed of them should become useful in his generation and eminent after it, may seem natural enough. But if we go further—even to the men whose sphere of action has been the purely intellectual—still shall we meet the same evidences that the free use of the limbs out of doors and the free inhalation of the pure air has been a desideratum—that by these means, the lamp of the mind has been brightened, in the same manner as the blood and sinews of the body have been purified and strengthened.

It may, perhaps, be amusing to recount the means whereby we were led into the examination spoken of. A companion for the hour had raised the question, that most of the civil benefactors of mankind had been men of inert habits. His assertions in this regard were very sweeping, including in the one huge category, the potent workers in abstractions as well as the equally potent chiefs in the practical arts of life. By way of substantiating his assertions, he instanced a few and but a few names; while, on the contrary, we, taxing our memory somewhat, brought to his dismay, ten proofs on the side we maintained to one he was able to adduce.

We were not chary in our numbers or our sources. The philosopher, in his lamp-lit cell; the poet, in the midst of his fine abstractions; the commander, on the tented field or ship dotted ocean; the inventor, pondering over a new thought, to the end of its reduction to a positive, tangible thing; the discoverer of or traveller in strange lands—all these did we bring before us, and tracing back the life of each to childhood, proved, if proof can be derived from tradition, that bodily exercise was a confirmed habit of the individual. We even went further than this—expressing it as our fixed opinion, that an indulgence in the habits referred to was one of the great causes of after eminence. Where, for instance, could a Bacon strengthen the natural genius of his mind so thoroughly as on the breezy plains of his neighborhood, careering over which, in all the buoyancy of young life, the very harmony of nature as presented to him in the different seasons, would tend to the perfection of the harmony manifest in his philosophy. Where, again, is it reasonable to suppose our most eminent poets derived some part of their inspiration and a great deal of their power of expression and aptness at illustration, but from the places in which they took rude exercise. The same with the soldier, the sailor, the projector, and the traveller. Washington himself was a dear lover of the country way-side and the wholesome air; so, likewise, were many of the illustrious worthies who fought with him the good and great fight of American Independence; and so it may be said of a long list of others, not forgetting the hardy pioneers of our national eminence and prosperity, whose exploits of daring and whose powers of adaptability to circumstances constitute an episode of wonders, illustrating the often quoted axiom, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Results like these are remarkable, and naturally invite attention to the cause or causes. One of these stands confessed in the hardy physical habits of a people, among whom it is our most earnest desire they should always continue, and to encourage which we shall always use our best endeavors.

A MAMMOTH RAFFLE IN OLD BERKS.—City of Reading, Jan. 16th, 1861.—FRIEND QUEEN: In accordance with promise, I send you the details of the big raffle for the mammoth ox, at the Plough and Harrow Hotel, corner of Penn and Third streets, kept by Charles Geiger, which did not terminate until 10 o'clock on Saturday night, the 5th inst. The following were the conditions:—

Raffle for a mammoth ox, weighing 3000 lbs., valuation $200, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M., Jan. 4th, and to continue on until 10 o'clock P. M., Jan. 5th; to be raffled with old coppers, seven in number, and nothing shall count but heads; every raffler shall raffle his three throws for each ticket; and any person or persons winning the mammoth ox shall pay towards the expenses of the judges $16; highest number of tails thrown in three throws shall be entitled to a silver watch, worth $10.

MONEY PRIZES.			
First	$50 00	Seventh	$10 00
Second	35 00	Eighth	10 00
Third	25 00	Ninth	10 00
Fourth	20 00	Tenth	5 00
Fifth	15 00	Eleventh	5 00
Sixth	15 00	Twelfth	5 00
	$160 00		$45 00

Total.....$205 00

Total number of tickets, 1700—disposed of at 25 cents each, amounting to $425. The prizes were most warmly contested for by the "rustics and denizens," the former hailing from almost every district in Old Berks, each one trying to claim the mammoth prize. Thus matters remained almost to a "dead certainty" until about 8 o'clock on Saturday evening. Up to that period there were six ties on 17 heads, when fortune seemed to favor the Muhlenberg township champion, who, by the by, is no less than the personage who won the horse on the 1st inst., at the Union House. On that occasion he threw 17 heads, and on the present he threw 18 heads—giving us ocular demonstration that "he is a lucky one for quadrupeds." Numerous raffles were thrown afterwards, and when all had put in their claim, our rustic friend, William Aaron Kleps, was hailed as the winner of the mammoth ox. He immediately conformed to the articles of agreement, and also exchanged innumerable "smiles" with the patrons of the raffle and bar, which made some of the b'hoys uproarious. During the two days and nights, our worthy host and obliging attendants were kept busy in handling the decanters, which had to be replenished almost incessantly, thus reaping a rich harvest. Mr. Kleps intends taking *Taurus* into Muhlenberg township to pasture for another season, having refused several liberal offers. The following is a summary of the throwing:

Aaron Kleps	18 heads	—winning the ox	
Six individuals	17 "	—each receiving $26 66	$159 96
Nineteen "	16 "	— " 2 37	45 03
Frank in Medary	3 tails	—rec'd a silver watch	10 00
Money prizes			205 00
Total			$419 99

YET ANOTHER, at the same place, was got up on Friday evening, the 4th inst., for a set of harness, valued at $28, and a prize of $2. Wm. Sbomoe threw 16 heads, so winning the harness.

The second prize was divided respectively into six shares. The anxiety was very great; so raffling was the ruling passion at the Plough and Harrow Hotel.

REFLECTOR.

COMFORT IN HANGING.—Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Matthews once went over Warwick Jail, and when he came to "the place of execution," he observed to the jailer, that, considering the extent of the county, and the number of executions which might take place, the drop struck him as being very small. "I don't know," said the man; "to be sure, six 'ould be crowded, but foive 'ould hang very comfortable!"

THE AMY DAVENPORT EVERETT TESTIMONIAL will take place at Dramatic Hall, 515 Houston street, this, Tuesday evening, Jan 15, 1861. Amy is well known by all frequenters of amateur performances as a ladylike and pleasing actress, therefore do not neglect to give her a call. Deposit your 25 cents with the doorkeeper, go in, and witness the "Miser of Shoreditch," "Lucretia Borgia," and "Bryan O'Lynn."

THE following method of preventing convulsions, or "fits," if as successful as it purports to be, is worth knowing:—Stretching the muscles powerfully will generally prevent an attack; for example, when the aura commences in the great toe, or in the leg, strong traction, or elongating the toe, or stretching the muscles of the leg, will carry the patient over the threatened attack for the time; or, when the patient has premonitory symptoms of an attack, opening the jaws as widely as can be done, and placing some hard substance between the teeth, to keep the mouth open, will have the desired effect.

A COSTLY RAM.—It is said that Mr Samuel Thorne, of Dutchess County, N Y, has recently imported from England a Southdown ram, at a cost of $1250, and, owes at such a price, Mr. Thorne congratulates himself on the acquisition. If the famous capitalist, Rothschild, was alive, and heard this, no doubt he would repeat his ancient witticism, "Sheep is dear."

THE COCK-PIT, AND RULES ON COCKING.

In accordance with a wish expressed in the letter of a Montreal correspondent, and also to accommodate many others who take an interest in game fowls and sports of the pit, we re publish the New York Rules on Cocking, which originally appeared in the CLIPPER nearly two years ago. Here they are:

NEW YORK RULES ON COCKING.

Art. 1. The pit shall be a circular pit, at least eighteen feet in diameter, and not less than sixteen inches in height—the floor of which shall be covered with carpet, or some other suitable material; there shall be a chalk or other mark made as near as can be to the centre of the pit; there shall also be two outer marks, which shall be one foot each way from the centre mark.

2. The pitters shall each choose one judge, who shall choose a referee—said judge shall decide all matters in dispute during the pendency of a fight; but in case of their inability to agree, then it shall be the duty of the referee to decide, and whose decision shall be final.

3. Chickens shall take their age from the first day of March, and shall be a chicken during the following fighting season, to wit: From the first day of March, 1859, to the first day of June, 1860.

4. It shall be deemed foul for either of the respective pitters to pit a cock with what is termed a foul hackle—that is, any of the shining feathers left whole upon the mane or neck.

5. The pitters shall let each cock bill each other three or more times, but this is not to be so construed that the pitter of a cock has a right to bill with his opponent's cock for the purpose of fatiguing him.

6. No person shall be permitted to handle his cock after he is fairly delivered in the pit, unless he counts ten, clear and distinct, without either cock making fight; or shall be fast in his adversary, or fast in the carpet, or hung in the web of the pit, or in himself.

7. Any cock that may get on his back, the pitter thereof shall turn him off it, but not take him off the ground he is lying on.

8. Whenever a cock is fast in his adversary, the pitter of the cock the spurs are fast in shall draw them out; but the pitter of a cock has no right to draw his own spur except when fast in himself, or in the carpet, or in the web of the pit.

9. When either pitter shall have counted ten tens successively, without the cock refusing fight making fight, again breasting them fair on their feet, breast to breast and beak to beak on the centre score or mark, on the fifth ten being told, and also on the ninth ten being told, shall have won the fight. The pitters are bound to tell each ten as they count them, as follows: once, twice, etc.

10. No pitter, after the cocks have been delivered in the pit, shall be permitted to clean their beaks or their eyes, by blowing or otherwise, or of squeezing his cock or pressing him against the floor, during the pendency of a fight.

11. When a cock is pounded, and no person take it until the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls three times "Who takes it?" and no person does take it, it is a battle to the cock the odds are on; but the pitter of the pounded cock has the right to have the pound put up, that is, twenty dollars against one; should not this demand be complied with, then the pitter shall go on as though there was no poundage.

12. If a cock is pounded, and the poundage taken, and if the cock the odds are laid against should get up and knock down his adversary, then if the other cock is pounded and the poundage not taken before the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls out three times "who takes?" he wins, although there was a poundage before.

13. It shall be the duty of the respective pitters to deliver their cocks fair on their feet on the outer mark, or score, facing each other, and in a standing position, except on the fifth ten being told, and also on the ninth being told, when they shall be placed on the centre score, breast to breast and beak to beak, in like manner. Any pitter being guilty of shoving his cock across the score, or of pinching him, or using any other unfair means for the purpose of making his cock fight, shall lose the fight.

14. If both cocks fight together, and if then both should refuse until they are counted out, in such cases a fresh cock is to be hoveled and brought into the pit, and the pitters are to toss for which cock is to set-to first; he that wins the toss has the choice; then the one which is to set-to last is to be taken up, but not carried off the pit; then the hoveled cock is to be put down to the other and let fight, whilst the judges or one of them shall count twenty, and the other in like manner; and if one fight and the other refuse, it is a battle to the fighting cock; but if both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle.

15. If both cocks refuse fighting until four, five, or more or less tens are counted, the pitters shall continue their count until one cock has refused ten times, for when a pitter begins to count, he counts for both cocks.

16. If a cock should die before they are counted out, although he fought last, he loses his battle. This, however, is not to apply when his adversary is running away.

17. The crowing, or the raising of the hackle of a cock, is not fight, nor his fighting at the pitter's hands.

18. A breaking cock is a fighting cock, but a cock breaking from his adversary is not fight.

19. If any dispute arises between the pitters on the result of a fight, the cocks are not to be taken off the pit, nor the gaffs taken off until it is decided by the judges or the referee.

20. Each cock within two ounces of each other, shall be a match, except blinkers, when fighting against two-eyed cocks, an allowance of from three to five ounces will be made; when blinkers are matched against each other, the same rule to apply as to two-eyed cocks.

21. Any person fighting a cock heavier than he is represented on the match list, shall lose the fight, although he may have won.

22. In all cases of appeal, fighting ceases until the judges or the referee give their decision, which shall be final, and strictly to the question before them.

23. When a bet is made, it cannot be declared off unless by consent of both parties. All outside bets to go according to the main bet.

24. Any person violating any of the above rules, shall be deemed to have lost the match.

HORSE TAMING.

MR. RAREY'S SECOND LECTURE.

These lectures are now the most fashionable things in New York, and Mr. Rarey is decidedly the most popular man. He is the "talk of the town." The audience, impossible as it may seem, was even larger on the 8th inst. than on the 5th, but this was soon accounted for by the certainty that many seats had been deliberately sold twice—more tickets had been sold than the house could possibly hold, and the consequence was a most miscellaneous jumbling up of rightful proprietors of "reserved seats" and "outside barbarians," and in spite of "vested rights," possession proved more than nine parts of law, and as many as could possibly be jammed into the theatre were in, and settled in some shape, with a greater or less degree of satisfaction. Mr. Rarey felt called upon to ignore the premeditated existence of such a state of things, and assure the public of his own superintendence of this point, in future; and on the morning of the 9th inst. the following appeared from Mr. R.'s own hand:—

DISCLAIMER FROM MR. RAREY.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
Tuesday Evening, Jan. 8, 1861.

I greatly regret that by some mismanagement, more tickets were sold for my lecture this evening than the capacity of the house would justify, and many reserved seats were taken possession of by those who were not entitled to them. I wish to inform the public it was done without my knowledge or sanction, and I promise that such an occurrence shall not take place again.

Very respectfully, JOHN S. RAREY.

But this unfortunate *contre temps* disposed of, we may speak of the lecture and accompanying exhibition as another grand success, gratifying to lecturer and to audience. Some there are still found to grumble that it was not as exciting as the previous lecture, and that the horses were not as formidable as they had wished or expected. If Mr. R meets and "tames" the worst brought him, surely he is not "the blamest of it" if they are not as terrible as he *could* deal with and conquer. We verily believe some would like to see a horse really master him, and a repetition of the terrible accident that happened to him a good many years ago, at which both his legs and his left arm were at once broken. Then they could go away vaunting—"Oh! I said there was nothing in it!" etc. Old systems of violence and cruelty are doomed, in the light of the rising sun of kindness and humanity; and all the good and humane, who have not old and pet systems to uphold just because they have been the way thus far, will rejoice at it.

The lecture itself was almost a repetition of that of Saturday, with the addition, on "Cruiser's" introduction, of the way in which he first got at that terrible animal. "Cruiser," said Mr. Rarey, "was about as celebrated for his viciousness as I have been for taming him. Noblemen used to go and throw articles into his brick box in order to see him fight. I was asked to explain the other evening how I approached Cruiser, and with your permission I will do so. I think horses have a reason for everything they do. I knew if I approached Cruiser with a stick he would fight me, as he had fought others who came to whip him. In the box was a double door, so that I could open the upper half. I went quietly, opened the door noiselessly; Cruiser turned round, saw me, started back frightfully, but did not attempt to come at me. Cruiser came slowly up to smell of me after a while, and, in spite of Lord Dorchester's entreaties, I stood still. Presently, when I saw that he stood naturally, I began to fondle him. Lord Dorchester begged me to tie his head, and I did so, but you never saw such fighting. Finding that he would either kill himself or tear down the box, I released him, and began all over again. After he allowed me to fondle him, I took him into the straw yard, and proceeded as with any other horse, until at last he would allow me to take any liberty with him, and Lord Dorchester mounted him with impunity.

He then went through a variety of feats and fondlings, demonstrating the changed nature of the horse—at least towards himself. Cruiser had met with a slight injury on ship board which on this occasion, as the previous one, prevented a portion of the usual display with him, which, we understand, consists in dragging him about the stage *ad lib.* by the head and heels, and "all kind o'ways."

His first original customer was merely an unbroken colt; not vicious, but "nervous." He gave Mr. R. a very pleasant and satisfactory set-to. In the end Mr. R. could literally do anything with or about him, conclusively showing that, in cases of equine treatment, kindness and firmness form a compound more potent and of better application than any, even the most powerful drug.

His "Shelties" were again introduced, paving the way for the following bit of characteristic anecdote:—

"Of all people, the Arabs understand and cared for a horse best, and their horses are wonderfully docile. In other hands, however, they can become very vicious. At Marseilles he had seen eight Arabian horses, gentle and quiet, in charge of their Arab grooms. Returning, a few months after, he found that one of the horses had been killed and that all were vicious. That was because they could not learn French in one lesson. Blood horses are generally the most vicious, because their fine natures cannot bear the rough grooms who break them in."

Now came the tug of war, in an animal with a "certificate of character" not unlike the one which closed the previous exhibition. This was from the 21 Avenue R R, of this city. This "critter" was a smasher, and no mistake, and for awhile put Mr. R. through his facings and wheelings to some tune, and in fine style; but in the end the same old story. Even this coarse, unpainy brute, for which there could have been little or no sympathy, was brought to the same standard (*lay*-ard, we might better say) of submission as the rest, and by the same kind means, coarse and repulsive as was the subject.

The close was with another merely "nervous" animal, which got quieted in about the space of time it took to "make a note of it," and Mr. R announced his next appearance for Thursday, 10th inst., when another regular screamer is to be brought to a proper sense of equine propriety.

FORT MOULTRIE.—In the present position of our national affairs, the annexed history of this place will not be without interest:—Fort Moultrie is named in honor of General William Moultrie, one of the bravest patriots in the American Revolution, who gained a memorable victory at the fortress over a British Squadron, June 28, 1776. Moultrie was a native of South Carolina, and of Scottish descent. He early espoused the cause of American independence, and in March, 1776, was ordered to construct a fort on Sullivan Island, at the mouth of Charleston harbor, and was engaged at the work when the British fleet appeared off the coast. He was advised to abandon the fortress, as Gen. Lee, his superior officer, declared it was no better than a "slaughter pen." But Moultrie had faith in his own work, and defended the fortress with great skill and valor, and drove away the enemy. One British ship was lost, and two others were so riddled as to have almost become wrecks. The loss of the enemy was 222 killed and wounded. The Americans had 11 killed and 26 wounded. The fortress was hardly injured by the fire of the British squadron, and when the battle was over, every gun on that fort, but one, was still in position. The determination and courage of Moultrie in this engagement elicited great praise, and the fort was by universal assent named in honor of its skillful builder and gallant defender.

SPARRING.

THE PRIZE BOXING TOURNAMENT.—Being severely troubled with the "aches" in every bone and sinew, from a heavy cold contracted by a visit to see the "Seven Sisters" at present residing at Laura Keene's, we were unable personally to be in attendance on the *fête le boxe* at the Hotel de Kerrigan, kept by Monsieur Jennings, ze grand, superb—what you call him; oui, wee, wee, ze quadruped combatant. We didn't go, but a friend of ours did—a literary "chum," of course, for all the b'hoys are friends of ours—and, thanks be to His Majesty, we are enabled to lay the whole matter before the jury, just as though we'd been and seen the show ourselves. In a private letter to us from the Burgh, bearing date January 6, Colonel Saxe thus spreads himself, and tells you all about it, by our making his private note a public document. The Colonel now drives in double harness, but he's just as racy and sprightly as before he went and did it. Ah, me! we've seen lively times together in our youth, but never were so far gone as one of the "Fudgins"—not quite. What d'you think the exempt hose member once did? He one night took up a chair, and sitting down, tipped back against what he supposed was a pilar, and said he guessed he'd take a snooze; but imagine his feelings as he lay toes up and nose down. He had actually taken the *shadow* of one of the pillars to lean against, and the first thing he knew the "image of his father" lay all in a heap, completely knocked out of time. We don't mean to say that he was "undisposed"—oh, no! not at all. But here's the letter, and to make it the more intelligible just consider it addressed to you, as it was to us, and the document will be twice as interesting. The gentleman is one of the best judges of boxing we know of, and a practical as well as theoretical performer; therefore his criticisms, if they do cut deep in some instances, may be relied upon as fair, impartial and candid. After a vein of quaint humor that amused us "consumedly," he thus refers to Friday week's boxing night:

"You know the object of the exhibition? The proceeds of the house were to be divided into four equal parts—one to the man who sparred the best—boxing points—stopping, hitting, getting away, etc—of 130lbs. and under; another to the best man of 150lbs. and under; another to the best of 170lbs. and under; and the fourth to go to the proprietor—Harry Jennings—to pay for his trouble and expense. The boys entering for the prize, were weighed before the show commenced, and had their names and weight entered on a slip.

After all were ready, Harry asked the boys to choose their own judges, that he might not be accused of partiality. Those chosen then stepped on the stage together, viz: J. Monaghan, Mike Smith, (the man that used to set-to with Sam Freeman, if you recollect) and another gentleman whose name I did not hear. The house was fairly filled, though not so well as it might have been, and certainly would have been had it been properly advertised, and been known that some tip top boxing was then and there to take place. Woods and King were present, but did not take a hand in. Mike Smith was quite anxious to set to with some one of his weight—about 180lbs. I believe—but no ambitious youth could be found within hearing, when H J. proclaimed the *défi*.

The following lads contended for the prizes:—G. Morton and J. Lazarus, Billy Clarke and Billy Donnelly, Jno. Hickey and Johnny Murphy, Mike Trainor and Dutch Sam; Jamison, of Williamsburgh, and Elliott; Young Grady and Nosey (?) (he had one); Dan Kerrigan and Mooney (of Hunter's knock down notoriety); Hugh M'Lain and Milage Cornell; Mike Macarty and Young Walder; Monaghan and Lynch. I think that is the whole number, for I know nearly all by sight, and remember them better. William, (Bart.,) was, as usual M. C.

After all the prelims. were settled, Uncle Bill sprang on the stage with a light bound and a blue cutaway (is that what he calls his wardrobe?) and introduced G Morton and J. Lazarus. Previous to setting to, it was agreed to have five rounds each couple. The set-to was not so good on the part of Johnny as his friends expected. He was evidently afraid of that terrible left of M.'s. M. made vicious upper-cuts at little Johnny, which he did not feel inclined to let reach home. M. had the best of it, though Old Izzy said he could'nt spar at all. "Not much," says a chap in the crowd; "but you ought to see him fight!" and Israel waxed wroth, and looked unutterable things.

Clarke and Donnelly next donned the mits, and had a lively time; Clarke doing some pretty stopping, and cross-countering, and seeming to have the best of it, though there was some whispering around that Donnelly was "letting up," with an eye to a match. We have seen him do much better.

Hickey and Murphy next appeared. H. rushed to M., and at it they went; H being too heavy, boxed Murph down, and then knocked him down—after he got up, of course. Hickey ahead.

Mike Trainor and Dutch Sam.—Ah! this was something worth looking at! You missed a sight, my hearty! They went at it pretty, and, what was more, in earnest; for they guessed between them lay a prize. Mike I never saw do better—stopping and hitting, and Sam was with him every time. Both leary, but anxious to hit. Sam gave M. one beautiful cross-counter. Mike had the best of this, I think. There was no "tickle me and I'll tickle you."

Jamison and Elliott. Jimmy's son rolled in, and gave the cock-eyed youth right and left, and then dodged cleverly under his arm. Elliott boxed him to the corner, but received pepper for it, and showed blood when they retired. Elliott did not seem satisfied or pleased, but had to go when the five rounds were up.

Grady and ——— (Nosey, I call him, as that feature was prominent.) Grady punched him scientifically and hard, which caused his scent-detector to blush for him. As that did no good, he came again; so did the blood, which ran out to the end of his proboscis—no short distance, either—and there hung between heaven and earth, like the coffin of Mahommed is said to hang, if I am correct in my history.

Kerrigan and Mooney now claimed our attention. Mooney did very well at first, but Dan laid back for chances, which he soon got, or took, and Mooney took a reserved seat on the floor, quite easy. He got up, and was walking to Dan's corner, when Harry J. advised him to go to his own, and there amuse himself by washing his mouth out with some brandy, and that "nasty water," which he did. Dan, up to mischief, missed a well-intended right-hander, that he sent out in search of Mooney's "mark;" another attempt succeeded better, but worse for M., who was satisfied that Dan "could do some things as well as others." Dan was as cool as a rich relation receiving a poor cousin. Kerry don't mind getting hit—not a bit—nor giving them; ask Mooney! One gentleman asked me if Mooney left the stage "because that the other feller hit him in the belly?" "Yes," says I, quite innocently.

Walker and Mike Macarty did not make a great sensation. Walker stood in a funny position, and slapped away for dear life—and one of the prizes; I don't think he got a prize, at least I did not hear of the fact. He is game, though. Mac much the best.

Hugh McLain and Milage Cornell opened as though they cared little for the prizes. They amused themselves and the audience at the same time—and what more could be asked of them—though they showed, at the same time, that they knew a few.

The last set-to was between Monaghan and Lynch. Harry Lazarus took Monaghan's place as one of the judges. Lynch must be a brother of Fitzpatrick, for he has the same movement, but is not so good a man. He is a kind of a sleepy, slow-motioned individual, and apparently awkward. Monaghan did not do so well with him as was expected—did not seem to understand him, though he gave him some good cross-counters. M. had, evidently, the best of it.

Jennings here told the audience that if they kept their seats a few minutes he would find out to whom the prizes were to be awarded. After a short talk with the judges, they gave one prize to Mike Trainor as the best feather weight, and he deserved it; one to Dan Kerrigan, as best light weight; and the other to Monaghan, for middle weight. When the decision was made known there was considerable dissatisfaction expressed. Did they all expect prizes? Harry asked them to listen to reason, and not blame him, as he only gave the decision of the judges they themselves had appointed, and he had nothing to do with it but divide the proceeds of the exhibition in four equal parts, and give the three prizes as had been decided, and reserve the fourth for himself.

Taken altogether, it was a good display of the manly art, and I have no doubt we will have more of the same sort. It is a good way to encourage boxers, and Harry deserves credit for starting something new.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF WELL FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER NINE.

Great Pugilistic Combat, at the Curragh Kildare, between Langan and M'Gowran.

On Wednesday, May 20, 1819, the Grand Match which had been so much talked of among the Irish fancy, and that had, in no small degree, interested the amateurs of pugilism in Dublin, took place at the Curragh of Kildare; it was kept rather in the back-ground, and the public were not well acquainted with it, as the fancy dreaded that the magistrates might be crusty, and, by their interference, give a blow up to the meeting. This match, which was for something less than 100 guineas a side, was between Langan, a noted bruiser from Ballybough Bridge, and Owen M'Gowran, a native of Donnybrook, who often displayed his prowess at their Fair of fight, fun, and frolic.

The crowds who assembled were very numerous; vehicles of every kind were put in requisition, and by twelve o'clock, the Curragh exhibited as motley a group as could well be imagined. The country boys from the adjacent counties, Wicklow and Kildare, who love a bit of sport of this kind as well as the best of the Fancy, were assembled in great numbers, and all repaired to take their places at that natural and beautiful amphitheatre, now only known by the name of "Belcher's Valley:" in the centre flat, surrounded entirely by rising hills, a 24 foot ring was erected, well corded in, the amateurs paying five shillings for front seats, while the uplands were covered with spectators. About twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, Langan entered the ring, attended by his second, Halton, with Norman as his bottleholder; immediately after, Owen M'Gowran, attended by Kearney, the bricklayer, as his second, with his bottleholder, advanced into the scene of action. The combatants stripped and both appeared in good condition; they shook hands with the greatest cordiality; and at 18 minutes before one o'clock the fight commenced, at minute time—betting 5 to 4 on Langan, the favorite.

Round 1 commenced with cautious sparring, each man waiting for his adversary; both made play right and left, then closed, and after some hugging, both fell, M'Gowran under.—Betting in favor of Langan.

2 Each lad advanced cautiously to meet his adversary—warily sparring: at last Langan made a feint, which gave him an opening and he hit M'Gowran a chopper over his right eye, which not only drew first blood, but let the curtain drapery of his eye-brow fall over the eye. This blow had a great effect throughout the fight; they closed, and fell together. 8 to 2 on Langan.

3. The combatants came in with much caution, and sparred at *distance*, as the French say: some smart hitting then took place, but not severe; the hits were now followed up until they closed and fell, Langan under.

4 Much sparring: counter hits were exchanged, but no great punishment. M'Gowran staggered and fell.

5 Similar fighting. M'Gowran grassed, but not by a clean knock down.

6. Like the two former at the beginning: they both closed and fell—Langan under. Bets still the same.

7. This might be said to have commenced the fight in earnest; both came in determined, and desperate hard hitting took place; each stood well up, and received and paid in prime bang-up style—no flinching. After very severe hitting, they closed, and both fell together. Bets the same.

8 Both came in showing much pluck, stood fairly up, and fought hard.—Langan grassed his man again, although he seemed to have got much the worst of it. Bets even.

9. Both determined;—they milled away rapidly, and there was good in-fighting, when they closed with equal advantage, and both went down together.

10. The combatants seemed cautious from the effects of the last round, and made much play, hitting at wide distance; at last they closed more lovingly, when Langan was hit down, but not cleanly.—(Cries of "Owen for ever!" from the surrounding heights.)

11. Very severe fighting, in which M'Gowran was hit down.—(Cries of "Langan for ever!")

12. A most desperate rally commenced, and any science that either had heretofore shown, was here out of the question; they stood close in, and hit as hard as they could; at last they closed; both fell, M'Gowran under.

13. Came to the ground more cautiously, making play; the effects of the last round very visible on both; some counter hitting, but weak: parted but neither down.

14. Owen placed a most tremendous blow under the left kidney; Langan grunted, and in a close, both fell—Langan under.—(Loud cheering for Owen.) Bets in favor of M'Gowran.

15. Some severe fighting, which ended in M'Gowran's falling. Bets again even.

16. Good play on both sides; closed, and parted; set-to again; much fighting, chiefly body blows. Langan hit over the ropes.

17. Langan stood to his man with spirit, placed in a dreadful facer, which again uncorked the claret from M'Gowran's mouth and nose; he then turned lapidary, and changed the cornelian round his eye to amethyst! Both down, M'Gowran under.

18. Both very queer in the bellows; closed and parted—came in again—desperate rally—parted again—time counted.

19. Both came in refreshed-made play—desperate fighting—Langan hit over the ropes, and grassed the third time. (Huzza, for Paddy M.Gowran!)

From the 20 h to the 26th round, similar fighting; both appeared much exhausted, and very little science displayed.

27. Much hard hitting; Langan hit over his adversary's right eye, as in the second round; M Gowran's claret blinding him—fell much exhausted. (A shout for Langan).

The combatants fought to the 35th round, during which time M'Gowran was much punished. He came in time to the 36th round; but finding that he had so much a customer to deal with, he gave up in a manly style. The fight lasted an hour and 47 minutes, and gave much satisfaction to the Fancy.

LIVING IN JAPAN.—For the sake of the Japanese ambassadors in general, and for that of the celebrated "Tommy" in particular, we give the following statistics of domestic economy in the Mikado's Empire: "You can rent a moderate-sized house, with some four or five rooms, for about $100 per annum. One of these rooms, the front, is the office or counting-room; the next to the rear is the drawing and dining-room, and answers at the same time for a private counting-room. To the rear of this is the kitchen. In the upper story, one room is occupied by yourself, one by the housekeeper, and the other by the servants, usually young men, say eighteen to twenty, who are young errand boys, &c. Your housekeeper, who, by the way, is generally a pretty black-eyed young lady, is very attentive to your wants. On her devolves the whole charge of the house, procuring the provisions, washing the clothing, and cooking the food, besides keeping the whole house thoroughly clean. Her services cost you her board and about fifty to seventy-five dollars per year. The whole expense of my family, including house-rent, pay of housekeeper and servants for the last year, has been only five hundred dollars. Some difference between this and the cost of living in the same style in New York." This is all very well, but nothing in comparison with the cost of living in the empire of China, where, if travellers speak the truth, an ordinary individual can support life at the cost of a cent per diem, and the annual expenses of the Emperor himself do not go beyond five hundred dollars.

A YACHT STORY.—We subjoin a little romance going the rounds of the newspapers. Whether it is true or false we cannot say; although, if our judgment were appealed to, we should pronounce it the latter. However, it is a striking sample of the "intense" and melo-dramatic; and as such, may possibly be picked up by some genius "writing for the stage." Thus runs the narrative:—"The Marquis of D——'s yacht, now at Naples, has been the scene of one of those tragedies of real life, which we are apt to think, in these dead-level days, lie far away from the region of real life, in the domain exclusively appropriated by the dramatist and the tale writer. The Marquis has been for some time cruising with some members of his family, including a youthful daughter, Lady Alice ——. The yacht was commanded by a half-pay Lieutenant of the Royal Navy. The Marquis coming on board, unexpectedly, from an excursion on shore, found his captain at the feet of his daughter, kissing her hand. The indignant father, a man of Herculean strength—seized the offender, and, let it be hoped, intending only to tear him away from his unseemly place and action, flung him over the bulwark of the yacht into the sea, when he went down at once, in spite (add some of the versions of the story) both of the Marquis' and his sailors' efforts to save him." If our recollection serves us aright, we think we have met with incidents like these in a piece well known in New York, under the caption of "Dreams of Delusion."

A HIGH DENTAL OPERATION.—But for the particulars of locality and person connected with the subjoined account of large tooth drawing, we should have set down the entire operation as American in its success:—"Our male hippopotamus (says the official of the London Zoological Gardens) has been suffering from a fractured tooth, and fearing that the consequences might be serious, I had a strong oak fence fixed between his pond and the iron railings, and I then determined to remove the broken tooth. This I accomplished this morning, but not without a fearful struggle. I had prepared a powerful pair of forceps, more than two feet long. With these I grasped his fractured incisor, thinking, with a firm and determined twist, to gain possession of that fine bit of ivory. This, however, was not quite so easily done; for the brute, amazed at my impudence, rushed back, tearing the instrument from my hands, and, looking as wild as a hippopotamus can look, charged at me just as I had recovered my forceps. I made another attempt, and this time held on long enough to cause the loose tooth to shift its position, but was again forced to relinquish my hold. I had, however, no occasion to say, 'open your mouth,' for this he did to the fullest extent, and therefore I had no difficulty in again seizing the coveted morsel, and this time drew it from his monstrous jaws."

NOVEL MODE OF EXTRACTING TEETH.—Among the vagaries of an eccentric physician (Mossey) was the way in which he extracted his own tooth. Round the tooth sentenced to be drawn he fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite end of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged. On the trigger being pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could rarely prevail on his friends to permit him to remove their teeth by this original process. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed: "Stop! stop! I've changed my mind!" "But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant the tooth was extracted, much to the amusement of the patient's delight and astonishment.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CLOSE OF OUR TOURNAMENT PROBLEMS.—"To make way for fresh novelties," as the actor people say, we shall next week give the last of our selections from our "CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT." So long and so fine a series of problems never has been given in any American paper, of all those which have ever devoted a column to the delight and instruction of the amateurs. We challenge comparison with any of our compeers. The *seventy-five* now given are *less than half* of the whole; but we have a large number of fine problems waiting publication which justice forbids us longer to delay; and the competitions in "MIRON'S (unique) TOURNEY" will shortly be in hand, awaiting publication. Many of our best and truest friends and contributors have explained their silence on the score of our evident ample supply, and signified their readiness to fill their accustomed post, at a word from us that we needed their presence. All such we thank most heartily, and beg to say that for four or five months to come we have as many problems on hand as we can use in our column.

MORPHY CHESS ROOMS.—The Free Tournament has reached the fourth series of encounters, the lists presenting the following interesting aspect:—

1. James A Leonard vs J. P. Barnett, M. D.
2. Napoleon Marache vs William Richardson.

"May the best man win!"

LOSS TO CHESS.—We regret to learn the death of Wm. R Broughton, Esq., one of the leading members of the Boston Chess Club.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S., Cleveland.—"Kan't Kalk'late;" due six weeks ago.

T. M. B., Penn Yan.—Your errand to J. A. L forwarded.

C. W. B, Jackson, Tenn.—Dispatched; thank you.

L. H, Brownsville, Tenn.—Our Chess department is, and always has been, at the head of its class in this country; but we class the CLIPPER (as a paper) a sporting, and not a "family" journal.

ENIGMA NO. 259.

BY E. S. BREWSTER.

From the Lynn News.

at his B sq, K Kt sq, K R 5, K 2, K 3d.

at his R 8, K Kt 3, K 5th.

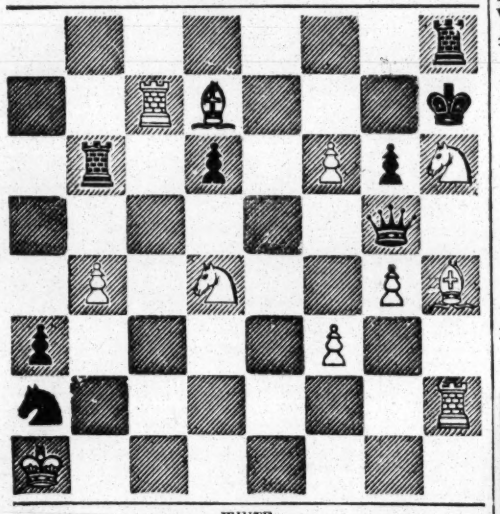
White to play and give mate in seven moves.

PROBLEM NO. 259.—TOURNAMENT NO. 74.

Respectfully inscribed to D. W. FISKE, A. M.

BY N. MARACHE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels Black to give mate in twelve moves.

GAME NO. 259.

Between our contributors E. Brenzinger and J. A. Leonard. At "Morphy Chess Rooms."

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, Leonard.	Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K P×P	B 2d P×P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	12..Q–K R 5	P–K Kt 3
3..P–Q 4	K P×P	13..Q–K 5	P–Q 5
4..K Kt×P	K B–B 4	14..B–K R 6	P–K B 3
5..Q B–K 3	K B–Kt 3	15..Q–K 6+	K R–B 2
6..K B–B 4	K Kt–K 2	16..Kt–K 4	Q B×Kt
7..K Kt×Kt	Kt P×Kt	17..K B×B	Q R–Kt sq
8..Castles	Castles	18..K B–Q 3 (a)	Q–K sq
9..Kt–Q B 3	Q B–Kt 2	19..Q R–K sq	Q R–Q sq
10..K B–Q 3	P–Q 4	20..K B–B 4	Q R–Q 3, and

Attack mates by force in six moves.

(a) This is the winning move.

At same "Rooms," between Messrs. Michaelis and Delmar.

EVANS GAMBIT.

O. E. Michaelis.	D. E Delmar.	O. E. Michaelis.	D. E Delmar.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q B to R 3	Q B to Kt 5
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	11..Q–her R 4	K B×B P
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	12..Q Kt×B	K Kt×Kt
4..P–Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	13..K B×Kt+	Kt P×B
5..P–Q B 3	K B–R 4	14..Q×B 2d P+	Q B–Q 2
6..P–Q 4	K P×P	15..Q–her B 5	B–Q Kt 4
7..Castles	K Kt–B 3	16..Kt×Q 2d P	Q–K R 5
8..P–K 5	P–Q 4	17..Q×Kt, and "left." (b)	Got disgusted
9..K B–Kt 5	K Kt–K 5		

(b) The conduct of the Attack is spirited and unexceptionable, but it strikes us that a worse player might have played the last half of the Defence far better.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By HENRY SPAYTH; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2,00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Another this week. Any more from the American?

WILL BOY, Oswego, N. Y.—One of your positions in the present number. Shall be happy to hear from you.

O. M. U.—Your question—"A is playing Chess with B," &c.—should have been addressed to the Chess Editor of the CLIPPER, Hereafter please to propound all questions on Chess to him. The idea that "a Pawn cannot capture a Queen, until it has first been moved," is simply absurd. Pawns can capture anything and everything of the adverse forces, except the King.

A GLASGOW CHAPPY, Harrisburgh, Pa.—We have not heard from you regarding that game, and therefore presume that you "acknowledge the corn." Let us hear from you at your leisure.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 71.—VOL. VIII.

BY J. A. J.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	10 to 26	3..28 to 24	20 to 27
2..18 16	11 18	4..32	23, and wins.

GAME No. 36.—VOL. VIII.

From The American Draught Player.

"LAIRD AND LADY."—BY JAS. ASH.

Black.	White	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	14..19 to 23	24 to 19
2.. 8 11	22 17	15..25 16	28 24
3.. 9 13	17 14	16..16 30	32 27
4..10 17	21 14	17.. 6 10	27 23
5..15 18	26 23	18..30 26	17 13
6..12 17	19 15	19..10 17	21 14
7.. 4 8	24 19	20..26 30	24 20
8..17 22(a)	30 26	21..30 26	29 25
9.. 6 10	16 17	22..22 29	31 22
10.. 2 6	25 21	23..29 25	19 16
11..18 22	23 18	24.. 1 6	14 9
12..13 16	19 12	25.. 5 14	18 2
13..10 19	27 24	26..15 27.	White to play and win.

See American Draught Player, End-Game No. 15, Page 245.

(a) This loses: 6 9 draws. See American Draught Player Laird and Lady, var. 8, 24 move, page 127.

JOHN S. RAREY.

WE herewith present our readers with a most life-like and excellent likeness of the world-renowned American "horse tamer." The only thing particularly observable about the man is a pervading air of quiet coolness, which impresses you at once with a favorable idea of his firmness and self-reliance, and resource in difficulty. In *physique*, though muscular and active, he is not what would be called a powerful man, being but of medium stature.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' SIXTH POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	18 to 15	3..20 to 24	19 to 23
2..24 20	15 11	3..24	20, and the game is drawn.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

Black.—(G. M. B)		White.—(D.)	
18..16	19	32	27

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black.—Mary.		White.—Non Nemo	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11		

POSITION No. 72.—VOL. VIII. THE 7TH POSITION OF STURGES

BY WILL BOY.

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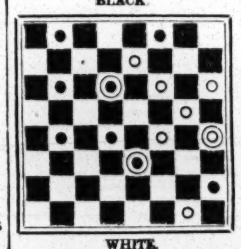

WHITE.

White to move and win.

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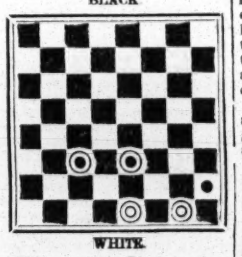

WHITE.

Either to move, Black to win.

TAMING A WILD HORSE:

A SKETCH OF PRAIRIE-LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY CAPT. J. WOODRUFF.

We were in the Camanche country. By *we*, I mean Maj Ben. McCullough, Jim Russel, Bill Henderson and myself—four fellows about as full of fun and the devil as any other quartette of musicians, whose instruments consisted of rifles, Colt's revolvers and bowie knives.

We had chased half a hundred of the copper-skins in from the settlements, where they had been marauding, and had reduced their number almost nine-tenths in the chase, and also *reduced* our own horses so much that we could hardly spur them out of a walk. This was not very agreeable, seeing that we were so far into the enemy's country, and that a few of the fugitives had escaped, who might rally a fresh band of their tribe to attack us, and claim *our* scalps as well as those which we had taken.

We had camped on what we supposed to be a branch of the Cimarone River, in a little skirt of timber, where we could make a good defence if attacked—for a ranger, with timber for cover, is good for a dozen red-skins any time, if he has "the tools" along. We took a scanty bite from our saddle-bags, and tethered the horses out to feed and rest, and then setting the watch, the rest of us dropped down to sleep without any fire, for we couldn't be too careful just then and there.

As we kept a two hours' watch each, my turn for guard didn't come until nearly daylight. I hadn't been on guard more than ten minutes, before I heard the neighing and whimnering of horses, which our own answered, and then I heard the tramp of hundreds of them on the prairie.

"Wake up, boys," I whispered to our fellows, as I turned one after the other over, and roused them up. "Wake up; the whole bloody tribe must be on us by the noise they make."

McCollough was on his feet first, rifle in hand; but the others were not ten seconds behind him. We listened intently for a few minutes, when Maj. Ben. said:—

"Trees, boys! trees, boys! It's a drove of wild horses coming to water; there's no Indians there!"

In less time than it takes to tell it, we had mounted into the cotton woods and water-oaks, taking our arms and ammunition up with us, and also carried up my lasso, for I meant to get a fresh horse if I could, though I didn't tell the boys of my intentions. We got into our roosting-places just in time, for we had hardly got settled when the whole *caballada* burst and tore through the strip of woods, snorting and neighing, kicking and playing, and tramping down the underbrush as if it was grass.

By this time day had dawned, and we had a fair view of our equine visitors. There could not be less than a thousand of them, of all colors, sorts and sizes, not one of which had ever bowed to the will of man—fierce, fiery, tameless steeds, which seemed to spurn the earth on which they trod. The sight would have driven a Tartar raving mad, subdued a Rarey, and made an Arab curse the Prophet. There they were, some cropping the rank grass on the river-side, some rolling in the water; others, the monarchs of the squad, standing aloof like sentinels, and watching for the approach of danger.

One of these, a large stallion, as black as night, and a perfect picture of power and symmetry, with an eye that glared like a tiger's, took a position directly under the tree which I had ascended. I determined to capture him. My lasso was strong, very strong, and I had no fear but that it would hold him, if I once got it over his neck, it having once belonged to a Camanche chief.

Securing one end of the lasso to the tree, I carefully slipped out on an overhanging limb, and dropped the noose over the wild stallion's head. Gee-Whittaker! how he jumped when it touched him! But it was no use—the cord tightened, and the next instant he was stretched at its length on the ground, giving a cry of terror that almost seemed human.

That started the rest, and in less than a minute they had left the timber, and were running in circles out on the prairie, trying to see what the row was. Fearing that the noble brute would be choked to death by the noose, I slipped down from the tree and approached him. The next thing I knew I was lying on my back, about twenty feet from him, with the boys throwing water in my face to bring me too. He had planted his heels against my breast, and "lifted" me out of his way. But, being strong chested, he didn't stave in any of my breast-works, and I got up in a few minutes, some mad, and determined to break him or die.

I got the boys to help me, and we went at him. With the aid of their lassos, I soon got them so that he couldn't kick, and then I went to work to get my saddle and bridle on to him (for they were real Mexican make), and I knew that with them fairly secured, and myself on him, he'd have to cave, for in those days I didn't acknowledge any superior in riding, on mule, mustang, or jackass.

After a severe struggle of more than an hour we got everything fast, and then tightening my spur straps, and taking up a hole or two in my belt, I mounted him as he lay on the ground, and told the boys to cast loose the lassos from his neck and legs. They did it, and he began to stretch his legs as he felt them loosened. Then he turned his head around and looked at me, and if the devil didn't speak through those glaring eyes of his, I'm a Dutchman. The next thing he did was to spring to his feet and give a shake which I thought would disjoint every bone in my body.

But I was not to be shaken off. Again he turned his head, and looked at me with that same devilish look. It rather *riled* me to be looked at in that way, as I reminded him by giving him a touch with my big spurs. He gave a wild kind of snort, crouched with his belly almost to the ground, and then—such a jump! not less than forty feet, sure!

He didn't stop jumping neither, but went like a streak of chain lightning, minding no more for the bridle or my weight, than the Red river, in a fresh, would for a bundle of straw.

The next thing I knew he was out on the prairie, among his companions. Two minutes more, and he was ahead of all of them, shooting across the prairie like a winged satan. I had nothing to do but to sit still and hold on—he didn't mind the bridle a particle, nor did he seem to tire, though he went faster than anything I had ever seen on four legs before. On—on, for miles and miles he ran—I had long lost sight of the timber, and began to wish I hadn't taken that ride. Suddenly we came on a Camanche camp in a hollow on the prairie, but couldn't stop there! They must have taken me for a devil, for I out-yelled the old boy himself, as we swept by, over everything, and in a moment we were out of sight.

On—madly on! while the hot sun rose in the sky. On, amid dust, and sweat, and foam, it seemed as if that infernal horse would never give out. I began to tire and grow faint, my brain reeled, and I felt as if I could not long keep my seat.

It was full noon, and I knew that I must have passed over at least fifty miles of ground. I would have dropped from the saddle, but I knew that if I did I would inevitably be tramped to death by the drove behind, and I clung desperately to my seat. At last, as we approached a range of timber which betokened the vicinity of water, my steed began to flag a little. Again I tried the bridle, and found to my joy that I could check and guide him. But now I determined that he should know that I was his master, and I drove my spurs deep into his reeking flanks, and urged him forward. He reeled and trembled when we reached the timber, and could hardly stand when we got to the water.

I let him take but a little, and then turned him back to the timber. Yelling, and firing my pistols, I scattered the rest of the drove from around me, and then I slowly paced him to and fro until I was sure that he was under entire control. Then I dismounted, and let him rest. I rubbed his sweated limbs with soft prairie grass, led him to the water again, patted him on the neck, and talked to him until the deviliry of his nature seemed really to relax under the influence of humanity, and he seemed to like me. After he had rested for an hour or two, I mounted him again, and he went off as gently as if he had been trained for years. I rode a little way, and shot a yearling buffalo, and took some of the meat, and then went back to the timber, and camped for the night, for I thought I'd ridden far enough for one day, and I thought the boys would either wait for me or else follow my trail.

The next morning, after I had walked my horse about and fed him on some of the choice blue grass by the water side, I took a bite of buffalo meat myself, and then took my back trail to see if I could find the boys. My Mustang, whom I christened Lucifer, went off at a sweeping gallop, as kind as any saddle horse that I ever straddled.

I had got some twenty miles or so, when I saw dust and smoke ahead, and directly I heard rifle shots and yells, and all at once it came to my mind that the boys had *happened* on the Camanche camp, which I'd scattered through the day before.

So I in spurs and let Lucifer go! Sure enough, when I got near enough to see, there were the boys hard at it, with rather too much of a good thing, for the Indians had fresh horses, and were spunky. But when I drove in, yelling on their rear, with a revolver in each hand, and Lucifer pitching and snorting, they seemed to think Satan had them sure! They scattered in every direction, and were a whipped community in less than no time. We got about forty fresh horses, a lot of scalps and other pelitries, and went back to our border homes, very well contented, and with less scars than any other party had shown for years, considering our numbers.

But my greatest pride was Lucifer. He was the best horse I ever rode, and is yet. No leg but mine has ever crossed his back or ever will, with either his consent or mine. One of Maj. Ben's niggers tried to ride him once, but before he was fairly on, he fell off and broke his neck, leaving the Major $1200 out.

"JENKINS" ON WINTER SPORTS.—One of the rose water writers for the press, while on the above subject, thus describes what he saw on a skating pond:—"There was one large matron wearing a thin double skirted dress, in which the wind played fantastic antics—who wore on her head a yellow 'riggiette,' and could not stand upon her skates an instant; who would fall down, dragging with her every available man and boy, and who would have looked better off the ice, but she was not the only one. There were others, swift as birds, graceful as swans. There was one lady most appropriately dressed in a fur-bound basque, who gave us the very poetry of motion. There was a perfect harmony in her long drawn curves; something melodious as a dream in her swift gliding grace. There was another young creature who darted hither and thither, as if she had always lived on the ice. There was a perfect abandon in her sport; she was hilarious, yet perfectly graceful in her glee. Slender and dainty footed as a fawn, her soft blue dress looped with a balmoral, wearing a black basquine and black velvet hat, with a pink rose in her hair, she flew over the ice, now circling in a waltz—now following her papa at the end of a shawl, now flying away with another on her arm, who could skate as well; wherever she went she was followed by hundreds of admiring eyes—the women praised her, and the gentlemen fell in love with her. How eyes brightened with new beams, how the cheeks of our japonicas bloomed with roses, I can hardly tell. What a pastime for metropolitan belles! What pastime for the weary people!" After throwing off this fine phrezzy, we suppose friend "Jenkins" thought, with the traditionary emperor, that the "other potentates of the earth" would do as he did—take a "smile."

MORAL SUASION OF HENS.—The following seems to be an eggs-traordinary method of incubation, and as such, we give it publicity:—"After breakfast, says our authority, I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and catching her hens, tie each one's legs together and throw them upon the ground, saying: 'There, be good!' 'What did you do that for?' I asked. 'To make 'em lay,' she answered. 'Make 'em lay! will that do it?' I inquired. 'La, yes, she said, 'didn't you ever hearn tell of that before?' I confessed that I had not. In an hour she went out again, and picking up the hens, sure enough, some had lain! These she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens which seemed disposed to be contrary she struck on the back, saying, 'You'd better lay, you'd better lay, for you won't go until you do,' and in a little while they too had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so bountifully. She says she does so every morning, and the hens know well enough that they have got to lay.'"

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

INTERESTING INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE BAROMETER.—In navigation, the barometer has become an important element of guidance, and a most interesting incident is recorded by Capt. Basil Hall, indicative of its value in the open sea. While cruising off the coast of South America, in the Medora frigate, one day, when within the tropics, the commander of a brig in company was dining with him. After dinner, the conversation turned on the natural phenomena of the region, when Capt. Hall's attention was accidentally directed to the barometer in the state room where they were seated, and to his surprise he found it to evince violent and frequent alteration. His experience told him to expect bad weather, and he mentioned it to his friend, who, however, only laughed, for the day was splendid in the extreme, the sun was shining with its utmost brilliance, and not a cloud specked the clear blue sky above. But Capt. Hall was too uneasy to be satisfied with base appearances. He hurried his friend to his ship, and gave immediate orders for shortening the top hamper of the frigate as soon as possible. His lieutenants and men looked at him in mute surprise, and two of the former ventured to suggest the inutility of the proceeding. The captain, however, persevered. The sails were furled, the top-masts were struck; in short, every thing that could oppose the wind was made as snug as possible. His friend, on the contrary, stood on under every sail. The wisdom of Captain Hall's proceedings was speedily evident; just, indeed, as he was beginning to doubt the accuracy of his instrument. For hardly had the necessary preparations been made, and while his eye was ranging over the vessel, to see if his instructions had been obeyed, a dark hazy hue was seen to rise in the horizon, a leaden hue rapidly overspread the sullen waves, and one of the most terrific hurricanes burst over the vessel that seaman ever encountered on his ocean home. The sails of the brig were immediately torn to ribbons, the mast went by the board, and she was left a complete wreck on the tempestuous surf which raged around her, while the frigate was driven along at a furious rate, and had to scud under her bare poles, across the wide Pacific, full three thousand miles, before it could be said that she was in safety from the blast.

SWEATING SICKNESS.—This terrible disorder first visited England in the year 1483, and repeated its visitations 1485, 1506, 1517, 1528, and last of all, 1551. The epidemic raged with such peculiar violence in England, and had so quick a crisis, that it was distinguished by the name of "Ephemera Britannica." This singular fever seems to have been of the most simple, though the most acute kind, and notwithstanding princes and nobles were its chief victims, the physicians of the day never agreed upon the manner of healing it. The splendid French embassy, which arrived in England, in 1550, found the court festivities damped by a visitation of that strange and terrific malady. First brought into the island by the foreign mercenaries who composed the army of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, seized principally, it is said, on males and such as were in the prime of life, and rather of the higher than the lower class. Within the space of twenty-four hours the fate of the sufferer was decided for life or death. Its ravages were prodigious. Two princes died of it; and the general consternation was augumented by a superstitious idea that went forth, that Englishmen were the destined victims of this mysterious minister of fate, which tracked their steps with the malice and sagacity of an evil spirit, into every distant country of the earth whither they may have wandered, whilst it left unassailed all foreigners in their own.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—At Strasbourg they show a large French horn, whose history is as follows:—"About 400 years ago, the Jews formed a conspiracy to betray the city, and with this identical horn they intended to give the enemy notice when to attack. The plot, however, was discovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive, the rest were plundered of their money and effects, and banished the town; and this horn is sounded twice every night from the battlements of the steeple, in gratitude for the deliverance. The Jews deny the truth of this story, except the murdering and pillaging of their countrymen. They say the whole story was fabricated to furnish a pretext for the murders and robberies, and assert that the steeple of Strasbourg, as it has been said of the monument in London—'Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.'"

STUPIDITY OF LOBSTERS.—Lobsters, says Dr. Buckland, if left on the rocks, never go back to the water of their own accord—they will wait till it comes to them. This peculiarity was observed after a landslide on the coast of Dorsetshire, England, which, by its great weight, forced up a portion of the bottom of the sea. On this suddenly elevated bit of ground there happened to be several lobsters, who doubtless thought the low tide had taken place with uncommon celerity, and that it would return again. Anyhow, the foolish creatures wished for the tide to come and cover them. Of course it never did come again; they remained in their places and died there, although the water was in many instances only a few feet from their noses. They had not the sense to tumble into it and save their lives.

QUICK TRAVELLING IN OLD TIMES.—Saturday, the seventeenth of July, 1619, Bernard Calvert, of Andover, about three o'clock in the morning, took horse in St. George's, Southwark, London, and came to Dover, about seven. There, a barge with eight oars was awaiting him; in which he instantly started for Calais, in France, from which, in turn, he set out for Dover, where he arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. Swift horses were there awaiting him. These took him back to London, where he once more found himself, at eight o'clock in the evening, none the worse for his exertion. The entire distance Mr. Calvert covered in that day was 186 miles.

REDUCING WEIGHT.—A gentleman of great respectability in the mercantile world, who weighed thirty-two stone nine pounds, put himself upon a strict diet of four ounces of animal food, six ounces of bread, and two pounds of liquid in twenty-four hours. In one week he lost thirty pounds' weight, and in six months he was diminished the astounding quantity of one hundred and thirty-four pounds. His health and spirits were much improved, and considering his remaining weight of twenty three stone, he was very active.

SHOWED ANIMALS.—The celebrated Robert Southey states, that while on a visit to Bristol, Eng., he saw a showed monkey, which was shown as a fairy; and also a showed bear, in a check vest and pantaloons, sitting in a great chair, as an Ethiopian savage. He adds: "This was the most cruel fraud I ever saw. The unnatural position of the beast and the damnable brutality of the woman-keeper who sat upon his knee, put her arm round his neck, called him husband and sweetheart, and kissed him, made the most disgusting spectacle I ever witnessed."

ADULTERATED DRINK.—In these days of adulterated food and drink, the following scrap of knowledge may not be useless. To detect copper in pickles or green tea, put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper is present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

STAMMERING WOMEN.—Much has been said and written about the fluency of woman's tongue; here are some curious statistics in regard to the rareness of stammering in females. "It has been asserted that women never stammer; it is correct that they are much more rarely so affected than men. If we may confide in the statistics of Pselism, one man out of every two thousand five hundred stammers, whereas only one woman in twenty thousand halts in her speech."

THE NEW COLOR.—The beautiful red and purple silks which are now so fashionable throughout the civilized world, are colored with a substance which is extracted from coal tar. The price in Paris of pure aniline violet powder was stated to be from $245 to $326 per pound. The enormous value of this substance is owing to the fact that it not only produces a great variety of red and purple shades of exceeding delicacy and brilliancy, but these colors are also remarkably permanent.

CURE FOR BURNS.—A very simple cure for burns has been accidentally discovered in charcoal. It is said that by laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

NEURALGIA.—To the sufferers from that dreadful disease Neuralgia, the following is said to be a sure cure:—Half a drachm of sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once.

AN ADMIRABLE BUTCHER.—The following gives a graphic description of an Adonis of the shambles, and might well suggest to a sensation novelist a hero for his next work:—"In one of the market houses of Philadelphia is a genius of a butcher. Beneath his sleeves and apron he wears the costliest broadcloth—none of the inferior grades, but the finest production of French looms. His linen is as faultless as his exterior garments, while the glistening surface of his marble counters is no less striking than the glossiness of his hat and boots. In the centre of his shirt bosom sparkles a single diamond—a stone of six carats weight, and of the first water. Upon the little finger of his left hand glitters a circlet of diamonds, six in number, whose aggregate value is considerably more than that of the garniture of his shirt bosom. His complexion is a clear red and white—just that style of complexion which the Parisian ladies produce by a dainty commixture of carmine and bismuth. He is a man of fine physique, and has an avoirdupois of about two hundred pounds. His address is polished, and his manner courtly and suave. He commenced life without a dollar, and is now taxed for some $20,000 in real estate, yet is as polite and deferential to his customers as on the day he first embarked in the business of converting quarters of beef into chops and sirloins. A benevolent lady of large fortune first noticed him, and placed at his disposal a fund upon which he has raised the superstructure of his present fortune. He is rapidly advancing in wealth, and will probably retire upon the eighth of a million. And all through the influence of that specific against adversity—politeness."

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The following anecdote is too characteristic of the distinguished person to whom it refers, to be doubted in the least. We give it entire. "Recently Lord Palmerston, the British Premier, saw fit to purchase a second-class ticket on a certain railway in England. The railway authorities, fearing that the example of the minister of state would be imitated too extensively by those who were accustomed to purchase first-class tickets, engaged the services of two chimney sweeps as travelling companions to Lord Palmerston, and furnishing them with tickets, ushered them in to the same carriage. The Viscount, finding himself vis a vis with two sooty chevaliers, was not long in guessing what brought them there; but he was by no means disposed to yield the matter here. He who had directed the foreign policy of England was not to be outwitted in diplomacy by a railway corporation. At the next station he left the train, purchased *first class* tickets for his sooty companions, and ushered them, begrimmed as they were, into the elegant car to which they were now entitled, and himself resumed his former seat." It must be confessed that the Premier had the best of the joke.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-6m*
Cleveland, O.....T. J. Quinlan & Co., 174 Ontario street. 18-6m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

JERRY BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,	D. S. WAMBOLD,
J. H. SIVORI,	W. L. HOBBS,	M. A. SCOTT,
S. W. CHARLES,	DAN EMMETT,	P. B. ISAACS,
JAS. CARROLL,	N. W. GOULD,	PAUL BERGER,
T. NORTON,	T. J. PEEL,	NEIL BRYANT,

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonler, Whose Wool Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Grounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

BUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
NEW ORGANIZATION
AND
TRIPLE COMBINATION!
Consisting of
CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
And the most Carefully Selected Company of
ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTES FOR 1860-61.

A. M. HERANDEZ,	HARRY LEHR,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX,	W. ALONZO OWENS,
H. S. RUMSEY,	M'LLE ROSATI,
LITTLE BOBBY,	JULES HUDSON,
E. FRENCHANI,	YOUNG LANGLOISE,
MONS. B. YATESIE,	CARL DE VINCENT,
J. GARATEQUI,	T. D. STANLEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB.	

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and south, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.

CARD EXPLANATIVE.

Until the present season we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our's by *inheritance*, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But soon lacking force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Gipseys do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the VAGRANTS above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and assume that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now travelling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB,
13tf Managers and Proprietors.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
H. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27TH, AND EVERY EVENING.
N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most *recherche* style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜

BEN COTTON,	J. UNSWORTH,
S. C. CAMPBELL,	MASTER EUGENE,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	W. NORTON,
J. B. DONNIKER,	J. C. REEVES,
R. J. MELVILLE,	AUG. ASCHE,
J. J. BILLIARD,	L. A. ZWISLER,
and R. M. HOOLEY.	

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER MLECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
31-tf SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

MRS. MATT. PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
25-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS,
Are now in their
FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,
At their Opera House,
ORDWAY HALL, BOSTON.
The Company consists of the following talented artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E. BOWERS,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. SANDS,
JOHNNY PELL,	R. M. CARROLL,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	CARL TRAUTMAN,
J. P. ENDRES.	FREDERICK HESS,
MASTER GETTINGS.	

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
19 LON MORRIS, Manager.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose stamp. No business done on Sunday. 51-1.

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
22-tf J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

TO SHOWMEN.—For Sale; Five Panoramas, of the following subjects:—
KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE,
ISLAND OF CUBA,
SCOTLAND,
WAR IN INDIA,
WHALING VOYAGE,
Also Forty Life Size Wax Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan, Jr. The above will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for other property. GEORGE K. GOODWIN, 117 Court street, Boston.
N. B.—Cash paid for rare Animals. 38-tf

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The Circus Company long and favorably known as
LENTON, NICHOLLS & CO'S,
Will perform at Buenos Ayres, and the principal points along the Atlantic Coasts, and at Rio Janeiro, immediately on its arrival at those places; expecting to be at the latter about March. The following are among the engagements.—

MR LENTON,	MASTER BLISS,
W. W. NICHOLLS,	MASTER JOHN LENTON,
MR. FRED. RENTZ,	MISS BLISS,
CHARLES BLISS	35 5t*

WILSON & MORRIS'
MINSTRELS.
Fifteen Star Performers.
First Annual Tour previous to
THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
Look at this array of talent.
CHARLEY BACKUS,
the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.

Mr CHAS. REYNOLDS,	GEO. W. SHEPARD,
ADD. WEAVER,	LITTLE BARNEY,
S. P. EMERY,	A. JONES,
FRED WILSON,	
M. T. SKIFF,	W. A. FIELD,
F. CORDUKES,	C. BOSWALDS,
J. D. BURTON,	W. H. BROCKWAY,
CHAS. W. MORRIS.	

We, the management, contend that WE have the best Quartette, the best Musicians, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we COURT criticism and defy competition.
FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY,
Proprietors.
40-tf CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.
45 BOWERY.
PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
THE GREATEST, CHEAPEST,
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PUBLIC PLACE OF
AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
The best
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Talent are engaged.
First week of a new Burlesque
STOP THAT NOISE!
Expressly arranged for our Stage.
First week
PERFORMANCE OF HORSE TRAINING!
Imitations in the manner of the celebrated Mr. RAREY!!
Burlesque arranged for our Stage.
SINGING, DANCING,
ETHIOPIAN SONGS, DANCES,
GRAND BALLET.
The Entertainment closes every night with a
GRAND PANTOMIME.
Ballet Master.....SIG. C. CONSTANTIN.
GRAND SACRED CONCERT
Every Sunday Evening.
Admission for the regular night performance,
SIX CENTS ONLY.
40 O'CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

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The largest and best conducted place of amusement in the city.
NEW ATTRACTIONS.
NEW STARS. NEW STARS.
NEW STARS. NEW STARS.
The following artists will appear every evening:—
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The Original Old Bob Ridley,
Late of Buckley's Serenaders, St. James Hall, London.
THE CONRAD BROTHERS.
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In their wonderful Gymnastic and Acrobatic feats, Pantomime, &c.
CHARLEY WHITE.
CHARLEY WHITE. CHARLEY WHITE.
The celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.
EVA BRENT.
EVA BRENT.
The unrivalled Vocalist.

BILLY QUINN,	L. SIMMONS,
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MONS. LA THORNE,	TOM WILSON,
J. RILEY,	R. PARKER.
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MARY BLAKE,	KATE HARRISON,
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MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
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The most popular
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
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Miss ANNIE BORDWELL, the unrivalled Soprano, in ballads, Scotch songs, and gems from the operas.
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Little NELLY GREY, the Infant Wonder.
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W. WEST, Ethiopian Comedian.
TOM BROOKFIELD, in Songs and Dances.
R. HARRISON, in his great Imitations.
Young DAN WILLIAMS, the greatest Banjoist in the world.
Together with FIFTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, besides the largest and most efficient Orchestra in the city, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH BRAHAM.
SMITH & HARRISON, Proprietors.
W. BORDWELL, Stage Manager. 31

SHOWMEN'S GUIDE,
AND DIRECTORY TO
EXHIBITION HALLS
IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADAS.
This book will be ready for delivery February 1st, 1861. It now has the names of nearly 500 Halls, such as Lyceums, Concert Rooms, Theatres, &c.

HALL OWNERS,	HOTEL PROPRIETORS,
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Or others wishing their address inserted, or these hall owners wishing a description of their Halls, Theatres, or Concert Rooms, made public through the Showmen's Guide, by sending their address, with particulars, to the subscriber, will receive by return mail, a PROSPECTUS of the DIRECTORY.
Remember, I do not ask advertisers to pay money in advance, which is an assurance that the Guide is no humbug. Any showman wishing a copy of the Guide and Directory will receive one on receipt of Four Red Stamps, Free of Postage. Address
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THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY.
ROBT. LANE,	THOS JEFFERSON,
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A. C. STONE,	HERR HECK,

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
Are now performing at
THEIR OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON,
AND DO NOT TRAVEL
ONLY DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.
ANY PERSON, PERSONS OR COMPANY
representing that they are in any way connected with
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS,
ARE IMPOSTERS,
as we have no connection with any company, except the one now performing in Boston
UNDER OUR MANAGEMENT,
TO CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY.
38-tf MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE, Proprietors.

BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.—This new Hall is by far the largest and most elegant in this city, and pronounced by musicians and showmen unsurpassed in the Union.
36 5t* THOS B. BRYAN.

MINSTRELS NOTICE.—Mr. CHARLES WHITE respectfully solicits the following gentlemen to forward their respective ages to the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, to be associated with others of the profession, in a useful work which he, Mr. WHITE, is now compiling. Question. How old were you last birth-day? Answer, and address to CHARLES WHITE, CLIPPER office, 29 Ann street, N. Y.
The undersigned will please answer:—William Newcomb, Geo. Rea, John W. Adams, Chas Abbot, Dan Gardner, Mr. Haslem, Max Irwin, Byron Christy, Mast. Chas Rentz, John Duley, Robert Edwards, Jake Search, Charles Payne, Charles Melville, Charles Backus, E. J. Melville, R. Abecco, Charles Bovee, J. E. Green, W. R. Warner, J. G. H. Shorey, Mr. Basquin, Jules Stratton, Pop Jones, Beaty Goodsell, Johnny Booker, Mob Turner, William Donaldson, Lewis Donnelly, and E. Miliken. 40-3t*

TO AMATEURS AND OTHERS.—A Young Lady, who has been filling engagements in other cities, and who has just arrived in New York, would be glad to accept engagements in Amateur Associations, where her services would be made generally useful; or, would be happy to assist in Private Parlor Dramatic Entertainments, where her experience in the profession might be made available in superintending the getting up of such theatricals, and in which she would also, if desirable, assume whatever characters the case might require. A line addressed to
40 3t J. I., CLIPPER Office, will receive immediate attention.

MISS ELISE DECOURSEY, a Lady competent for Leading Business, is at present in Philadelphia, and ANXIOUS for an engagement. She is well and favorably known throughout the South and West as an excellent Actress. She is a pupil of that great actor, JAMES WALLACK. In such pieces as the "Jewess," "Green Bushes," "Don Cæsar," "Mathilde," "Agnes De Vere," and "Daughter of the Star," she is unapproachable. Managers wishing to negotiate for this Artist, either as Star or Stock, will address
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
40-3t* City Item Office, Philadelphia.

MANAGERS OR ACTORS wishing copies of "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM," as played by Yankee Locke, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Howard, &c., &c., can obtain the same by addressing the author, at No. 49 Fourth street, South Boston. Sensation Stories Dramatized, and a new Sensation play (never acted) for sale.
39 2t* WILLIAM W. PRATT.

AN ENGAGEMENT AS ADVERTISING AGENT WANTED, by an experienced person. Will engage till April only. Communications from "Stars" or first class Exhibitions may be sent to
ADVERTISER,
39 Care of New York CLIPPER.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, having returned to Philadelphia, after a successful season in Baltimore with Mons. Blondin and Madigan & Co.'s Circus, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item" Office, Philadelphia, will reach him. 39-3t*

TO MANGERS AND ACTORS.—A true American Comedy to be disposed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

☞ We have letters for Col. C. B. Thorne; Wm. D. O'Conner; S. S. Purdy, comedian; D. M. Holt, tambourinist; Jerry Merrifield; Geo. A. Hill, comedian; and Joseph Parker.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, January 14, 1861.

We have often noted a speciality attached to American theatres, particularly to the theatres of New York. It is in the assemblage there, on the evenings of performance, when anything very good is given, of many notabilities; the federal and the state officer in high executive trust, the military and naval commander, the city magnate, along with the writer, the artist, man of science, the projector, the capitalist and the merchant, have constituted a crowd, on the outskirts of which we have never failed to recognise that less respectable item of the community, the "dead-head." The view, in one place, and, at the same time, of this assemblage lends *vraisemblance* to the whole surroundings; the consummating charm, however, is to be found in the perfect fraternization which exists between all the people there. For example (we are fancying ourselves in our old familiar corner in the parquet of a famous city theatre), there stand two gentlemen whose names have often appeared on two adverse "tickets," as aspirants for office, and who have occupied the chair of authority alternately—the taller *now* occupying it. Yet, with these individuals, political "bygones *are* bygones," and now, instead of exchanging strong epithets on their respective platforms, they are discussing the fulness of the house and the prospects of the novelty about to be produced. It is the same with another class of gentlemen whose profession necessarily calls for a repeated display of hostilities between its members—we mean our daily journalists. The advocates of all the "isms," in behalf of which so many thousand pounds of type and so many thousand reams of paper are requisite, are within speaking distance of one another, and like the rest, have realised, by their truly cordial interchange of compliments, the amiable doctrine, best explained in the exclamation.—"Am I not a man and a brother." As for the "dead heads" they are here, there, and everywhere, almost at the same moment, and by the expression of their faces and their speech as well, seem to know all about the piece so soon to commence. Thus, it will be perceived, that our New York theatres present two views of life—the real and the unreal; and without the least disrespect to our professional friends, we may be allowed to observe that we have frequently derived more gratification from the out of door actors than from those of the circumscribed stage; for even the best of our players will occasionally lack energy and the power of imparting effect. Again, with respect to the duplex character of our city theatres, in the way of illustrating this crowded and ever moving life, let us only take a retrospect of a particular place of amusement for a few years. Then, how forcibly shall we be reminded of the Shakesperean homily. Standing where we now stand (we are still supposing ourselves in the familiar corner of the parquet), and viewing the present crowd, we are led to compare it with the by-gone—let us say of about ten years ago. How few of the old faces are there, and those which we recognise as such, how changed are they! It is the same with the people on the stage. Casting our eyes down the bill we hold in our hand, perhaps out of thirty professionals employed at this theatre ten years ago, not five remain. Some are in other parts of the world, and some are dead; and we are beginning to philosophise when a motion in the orchestra arrests us. The musicians are on the approach. There they are, their conductor conspicuous among them; and soon will they be calling forth melodious sounds, that will not fail to charm the ear of the audience, and to prepare them to give a hearty reception to the new piece and their favorites as they come on P. S and O. P. respectively. A slight tinkle of the prompter's bell, a wave of the conductor's baton, and a crash—not that of doom, but of the combined instruments under the stage lights. Then, a rare medly of an overture, and probably an encore; and then the tinkle of the prompter's bell again, the rising of the curtain, and Act 1, Scene 1.

We have had a very cold snap since our last, and this, in the latter part of the week, somewhat interfered with business at our places of amusement. Altogether the week has been an exciting one, both indoors and out, and little else has been talked of save the Union, secession and dissolution. We have been as near having a fight as could well be, without coming to actual hostilities; but, like two little boys, one party seemed to wish a chip knocked off his hat before going in. The chip *was* knocked off the "Star of the West;" but, in a truly Christian spirit, the Star having been smitten on one side, very complacently turned the other side to be smitten, and then as quietly returned to the place from whence she came. Had it been any other foreign nation but South Carolina that thus assaulted our flag, how brave we would have become, how valiantly we would have talked, and how we would have "cursed the dastard craven" that turned on his heels without even firing a musket in defence of the American ensign. As it is, we "held our hush," congratulated ourselves that the "Star of the West" had been permitted to return safe to port, and then awaited the next act of hostility. But there is a fire burning among the conservative masses that will not long bear confinement—a fire, once fanned into a flame, that will consume all opposed to it. What have the great conservative masses of the North done—those thousands upon thousands who have always voted with the South, and for Southern rights—that they should now be repudiated by the very men whose battles they have been fighting in the North? What have they done, we say, that they should be left to the mercies of their old enemies? A great change is working, however; and those who stood shoulder to shoulder with the South, even up to the last great political battle for the Presidency, are losing all sympathy for the Secessionists since they cut aloof from their friends at the North. Another attack upon the American flag, and the fraternization of all heretofore conflicting elements in the North would become complete, and retaliation would be the cry of the now combined and united North. Let our Southern friends pause in their mad career, if they wish to retain the friendship of their co-laborers in the political fight which has been waged against fanaticism in the North for years past. But what has all this to do with amusements? inquire our readers. Just as much as the hissing of Yankee Doodle and other National airs in Southern theatres, and the substitution of foreign airs in their stead. Now we find an opposite course pursued here. Go to any theatre, hall of minstrelsy, or any other place of amusement, and the slightest allusion to the Union is received with thunders of applause; our National Anthems are invariably *encored*, and now form a nightly feature, almost, of our public entertainments. We visited the new armory of the Seventh Regiment one evening last week, when the band struck up "America," "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia." Such greetings those familiar airs never received before, and the applause did not subside until the band repeated them. So, too, at the Academy of Music, on the occasion of Stigelli's benefit, on the 11th inst., when one of the troupe sang the "Star Spangled Banner;" the "house rose at him," as it were, and clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and other manifestations of genuine national feeling, attested the interest New Yorkers take in the preservation of the American Union. Democrats, Republicans, Old Line Whigs, and Americans, are now beginning to stand on one platform since the repudiation by the South of her old time friends in the North; not that they love the South less, but that they love the Union more. These are the sentiments of Northern democrats as well as of all other conservatives. What will be the end of all this hue and cry about secession and dissolution? Time alone can tell, but we already have a foretaste in the sufferings of the poor in both sections of the country. Theatricals thrive infinitely better at the North than at the South. Only last week several members of Mr. Fleming's Georgia company were left at Savannah without a cent to bless themselves with, and had to be sent home *at the expense of the government!* The manager could not, or would not, pay salaries. Then, again, we have intelligence of one manager in the South endeavoring to create a feeling against another company by asserting that they were Northern abolitionists; but the snubbed company attested their loyalty to the South by joining the Minute Men, and offering their services to do battle against the North. So we go; a continuation of such conduct will have the effect to create a spirit of retaliation in the North, which we should greatly deplore. We believe there are thousands of good conservative men in the South, but the opportunity for them to make themselves felt has not yet arrived. When those sordid firesters and fanatics shall have got to the end of their tether, then may the conservatives of both sections "stand up for the Union."

As we said before, the cold weather has somewhat interfered with business; and on Saturday evening, 12th inst., the coldest of the season, the theatres, with scarce a single exception, presented a dismal appearance. Even Laura Keene's, which had been doing a fair week's business, had a very shy house on Saturday. Laura says that seventy six thousand people have seen the "Seven Sisters." This may do very well to tell the marines, country cousins, and other confined and restricted members of the human family, but the *habitues*, and disciples of Daboll's arithmetic, don't see it. Besides, as Miss Laura falsifies the text in one instance, why not in another. "False in you know, false in Omnibus," as our Latin teacher from the "rural deestricks" used to say. Now Laura continues to advertise Misses Polly Marshall and Melvyn in the cast of the Seven Sisters, when it is a well known fact that neither of those ladies have performed in the piece for two weeks. A Miss Henrietta Ingalls has been taking the place of Miss Marshall, and Miss Melvyn's part has been distributed among the company. What's the matter, Polly? Is it "indisposition" on your part, or jealousy on the part of your manageress? Come, girls, no fighting. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," but lovely women, never. Pretty Lotty Hough is one of the great features of the "Seven Sisters," and whether in the Yankee Gal, or in the Shadow Dance, she is equally good.

We think it was the venerated Dr. Watts, the "hymnist," who asserted that "December's as pleasant as May." Had the Reverend Doctor been out on Saturday night last, and took a run round among the theatres and concert saloons, he would have changed his mind beyond a doubt. We have only been a week or two out of December, but the cold of that usually frigid month has been on the increase, until it capped the climax on the 12th. Gosh, was'nt it a snorter! The theatres looked frost bitten, and concert saloons were equally cold and lonesome. December may be as pleasant as May when the cellar's full of coal, and a good fire is burning in the kitchen, but not without. Perhaps friend Watts intended to have thus qualified his interesting staizas. We nearly came to grief in looking in upon the show people on Saturday, who had already come to grief through a meagre display in the auditorium, and an equally unsatisfactory exhibition in the "worthy treasurer's" schedule.

Not being exactly prepared to produce the promised novelty at Wallack's, this evening, the manager has, at the timely "request of some hundreds of the patrons of this theatre, arranged to give one more representation of Playing with Fire." Patrons are handy people to have out of the house as well as in it. They can be used in various ways, and for divers purposes. Managers, therefore, cannot do better than to comply with the request of their patrons. The benefit is mutual. To-morrow evening, 15th inst., will be produced a "startling novelty," in five acts, entitled "The Lady of St. Tropez." It is, like most of the new pieces produced at this house, a "secession" from the French, translated for this locality by the inevitable "gentleman of this city," whose identity depends on the success of the piece. During the past week, Pauline was the attraction, and the attendance was fair.

By a letter from Havana, in another column, it will be seen that two of the members of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels had died in Havana, viz.: John Collins and C. Gaul. Ben Yates had recovered.

Joseph Jefferson has not done much with his burlesque of Mazeppa at the Winter Garden. He produced it for the first time on the 7th, for his benefit; the house was not full, for the company here do not seem to please. Joseph and his brethren will try one more week, and then Edwin Booth will commence another engagement. The immaculate Joseph can draw good houses for others, when he is in the stock, but he does not seem to prosper very well when going on his own hook.

At Bryant's they are showing a new method by which to tame vicious hobby horses. This is a laughable burlesque on Professor Rarey and his subjugating arrangement. Jerry has seceded for a short spell, and gone South. Norton takes his place in the interim.

Niblo's has given us quite a variety since our last. On Monday night, Forrest as the Gladiator; Tuesday, Rarey and his disreputable horses; Wednesday, Mr. Forrest as Damon, and the fiftieth night of Mr. Forrest's engagement; Thursday, Rarey again; Friday, Forrest and Damon; Saturday afternoon, Rarey; and Saturday evening, Blondin, the rope walker, in a variety of his wonderful feats. The theatre has been crowded all the week. On Tuesday evening, a great many more tickets were sold than the house could accommodate; secured seats were sold twice over, and great dissatisfaction was expressed when the opposing elements—the ins and the outs—met. There was good deal of fight talk previous to the horse *conversazione*, but the vicious animals were subdued without even a resort to the strap. The worthy treasurer who sold the double dose of tickets probably "had a little bill to make up" that day, and took this innocent method to raise the wind, but it came near raising a bigger breeze than he had bargained for. Rarey, *after* the show, disclaimed all connection with the proceedings, and vowed that such a thing should not happen again. It's difficult to tell which does the best business, Forrest or the horses; for they both draw wonderful houses. We opine, however, that Forrest's stamina will pull him through a winner in the end. Rarey has had quite a number of reary horses to deal with, but he has brought them all down, and made them beg his forgiveness on their knees. Blondin was not a bit behind the horses in his performances, but he failed to rope in many holders of four shilling bits. This week Forrest and Damon are having another tug with Rarey and his "untamable fiery steeds," whose unbridled passions will be exhibited to their full extent. Go see the man and the horse.

You can see a great deal of really excellent talent by calling in at our cheap concert saloons, which have become such a popular institution in this city. At the American, 444 Broadway, there is quite a clever company now performing, whose entertainments have attracted crowds of visitors for several weeks past. There is quite a bevy of beauties in the company, among whom are Misses Jenny Christine, Mary Blake, Stella Coe, Eliza Florence, Kate Harrison, Emma Shell, Julia Christine, Mary Florence, Nelly Gray, Ida Delmont, Arsdell, and M'dile Flora; to say nothing of the charming Eva Brent, etc. Charley White continues the black particular star. Try an evening at this well-conducted establishment.

Notwithstanding that the "public demanded another week of the pantomime," at the Old Bowery, the public failed to back up the managers, and they withdrew it for "other novelties" before the week was out. They are this week giving a combination of dramatic and equestrian performances. A really good circus company, well managed, *might* have carried the season through successfully, for the managers had fair encouragement at the beginning, but they failed to keep up the attractions, and the patrons, to a certain extent, seceded. We do not believe that the speculation will show much of a balance on the right side of the cash book.

Madame Anna Bishop announces a concert to be given at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, 18th inst. Irving Hall may do very well for a concert, but the boys don't think very much of its ball arrangements. "8's fellers" gave a ball there a few evenings ago, and many of those present, like old Dan Tucker, were too late to get any supper, the victualling department having given out, and the boys had to tote their girls through highways and byways in search of something to eat.

They are going to save the Union at the French Theatre, on Broadway. Jubilate! On Wednesday evening, January 16, will be produced "an original play," entitled "Our Union Saved; or, Marion's Dream," in which Miss Mary Agnes Cameron will assume the part of Marion. Now, if there is anything that *can* save the Union, it is the production of a truly "original play" in this city. We have an abundance of adaptations, translations, and pilferings, but a *bona fide* "original" play is something so utterly astounding and unlooked for in this great American metropolis, that we much doubt if there is really such a thing in existence; but here we have it announced. Perhaps, like the play, it is all a dream.

Last week's programme of Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, was received with such favor as to warrant the management in retaining it for the present. It includes the McSwattigan Drill; Ten Minutes at the Academy of Music; Griffin's Happy New Year Sketch, with the ship scene and skating match; Stump Speech, etc., etc. Niblo's Saloon, in which the entertainments of this band are given, is a beautiful room, well lighted and ventilated, and everything provided for the comfort of visitors. L. Zwisler, the agent of the troupe, although a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, and of whom the public hear and see but little, is, nevertheless, a "power behind the throne," whose business abilities harmonise well with the talent displayed upon the stage, and contributes a full share to the general success of the concern.

The Elephants have concluded their engagement at the New Bowery, and heavy business is now succeeded by Mr. Chanfrau and his b'hoy delineations. On the 12th, the CLIPPER prize story drama of Harry Blake was revived.

Barnum's Museum and Moral Show Shop is not doing quite as well as formerly. Perhaps the "What Is It," Zooloo, the Fingo, the Snakes, and other barbarous productions, frighten the people away. Who knows? Two moral dramas, well adapted to suit the tastes of the frequenters of the "lecture room," are announced for this week: one is called "Stailes and Tears," for the evening patrons, and the other, the "Fiend of the Desert," for the moral classes who attend in the afternoon. Moral services to commence at 3 P. M. A collection of 15 cents extra taken up for extra pious seats in the front pews; moral children under ten, 10 pious cents extra.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music is to open on Tuesday evening, 15th inst., with a vocal and instrumental concert. Mad. Colson, Signor Brignoli, (if not indisposed,) Signor Ferri, and Signor Susini, are engaged, as well as the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. On the second evening, Jan. 17th, a Promenade and Ball will be given. Price for both evenings, $5 00, which also gives you a secured seat for the concert. It's pretty steep for a beginning, but we presume there will be a full attendance on both evenings. High prices and codfish exclusiveness have swamped the New York Academy; let the Brooklyn folks take care that they don't go down from a like cause.

Talking about the New York Academy, we might mention that a short season will commence there on the 21st inst. The "Italian Artists' Association" manage the affairs. Who are they? Does Formsey belong?

There arrived in this city on the 8th inst., several members of Mr. Fleming's dramatic company, who have been performing in Georgia. Their names are E. W. Langrishe, T. M. Tyrrell, and John R. Hall, who were sent to this city from Savannah *at the expense of the government*, they being unable to obtain their salaries from their late manager. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Mr. Wright, also members of the company, defrayed their own expenses here. The others were left at Savannah, by their manager, without a cent, they inform us. A few still remain with Mr. Fleming.

We are happy to announce that Ben Yates, of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, who was reported as having died in Havana, of fever, is alive, and dancing with as much zest as ever. He had been ill, but recovered.

One of our city writers of dramatic *feuilletons* has given the plot of a piece, in view of its first production at Wallack's. We think this is rather unfair—particularly to the other critics, who now lose a chance to make a splurge.

W. A. Christy is now in this city. On New Year's day he was presented with a handsome gold mounted walking cane, by several gentlemen, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This gratifying testimonial of regard bears the following inscription:—"Presented to W. A. Christy, by his friends, Colonel Charles Hicks, Dr. Tumblety, and others. Jan. 1, 1861."

Parlor Dramatic Entertainments are gradually becoming popular in our city, and we are glad to note the fact. By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that a professional actress wishes to procure engagements to superintend the getting up of these favorite entertainments.

Our minstrel friends will find a notice in this advertising department, which concerns them, and which they will oblige us, as well as the compiler of the work referred to, by responding to the questions as propounded.

Things continue to look lively at the Palace Hall Concert Saloon, in the Bowery, both as regards the programme and the people who come to see it. For the current week, a very attractive bill is up, comprising a new burlesque and some performances after the style

of Rarey, the horse tamer. These novelties, with the usual amount of miscellaneous items, will most likely induce the usual frequenters of the Saloon to repeat their visits, although the atmosphere is more than cold and the snow is falling with a right good will.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels arrived in this city on the 12th, from Havana. Bideau is among them. "He still lives."

Tom, the blind Negro pianist, is announced to give an entertainment in this city, this week.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

For the following authentic batch of news from Havana, we are indebted to Prof. Orrin, the celebrated acrobat and gymnast, whose communications we have always found to be reliable and trustworthy. Sickness and death have made their appearance among the show people, and at length we have the fact of the death of Collins, the minstrel:—Fonda El Telegrafo, Campo Marte, Havana, Jan. 2d, 1861.—DEAR FRANK: I have been intending to send you a few lines, ever since I arrived here, four weeks ago. We opened with Chiarini, the day after my arrival, in his new amphitheatre, a splendid building with 118 feet canvass top, and the interior most beautifully fitted up. Business has been splendid. The boys are great favorites here, being called out every night. Jim Melville's style of riding pleases the Havaners wonderfully, and takes them by storm. The Stickney family are also great favorites, especially Sally's bareback act; and young Bob's new act, *a la Zoyara, riding in petticoats;* he is called out three times nightly; the second time *he* RUNS in, throws a *dozen flip flaps* across the ring with *hoops and skirts flying in the air!* then you ought to hear the applause, shouts, and yells. The two clowns are Lorenzo Maya and George Sharp, who nightly receive their share of applause. I have not time to particularize all the company, but will in the next.....Tom King and W. Smith arrived here on the 26th ult., in the steamer De Soto, and opened with us the next night. They made a great hit, and were called out for all their acts, and three times for Smith's *L'Echelle Perilleuse.* Smith had a very narrow escape on the third night; he was swinging from his hands to his toes, when one foot slipped, and he went flying, bringing up in the chandelier, which broke his fall; out went the gas, and Smith fell to the ground amid the screams of women, and the greatest excitement. He was not much hurt, however, merely spraining his wrist; he got up again, and went through the performance in fine style, and the people were delighted. Only a few nights before, William Hanlon was doing the same performance at Nixon's, when, in making the leap for the rope, he missed his hold and fell to the ground; he is injured internally, and will not be able to perform for some time.....Little Willy Witby fell from the Pyramids, and broke his left arm.....There has been the greatest kind of excitement and opposition ever since Nixon's company arrived here. They did a crowding business for the first week, performing at the Villanueva Theatre, and the last two Sunday afternoons at the Plaza de Toros, the first to a crowded house, on which occasion the Captain-General was present. Last Sunday business was only middling, for Mons. de Lave made a rope ascension in the afternoon, from the top of the Tacon Theatre, which drew such a crowd that it hurt both Nixon and Chiarini's houses.....Notwithstanding the great opposition, both companies have done well; Nixon's houses beat Chiarini's a little on the start, but not so now; they have a splendid company, and so has Chiarini; but the old Villanueva Theatre is played out, and Chiarini's Amphitheatre is the favorite place, and in the best location.....I don't think Havana will pay both companies after the holidays, but we shall see who has the most money.....The Tacon is open nightly—the Spanish Opera Company one night, and the Italian Company the other; the former company will close in a week; the Italians being the favorites, perform to full houses every night.....The Robrenos Dramatic Company perform three times a week in the Varieties, a new theatre fitted up over the Louvre Exchange, a new place opposite the Tacon—proprietor, Isaac C. Strands, an American, from New Orleans. It is the finest saloon in the city, with a clever landlord, the best of refreshments in the American style, and no end of show folks to be met there nightly. Col. Wood's Bear Show is still here and doing well, he expects the hippopotamus and other novelties on the next steamer from New Orleans. The three seals died within a week after their arrival; they could not stand the hot climate.....Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels are playing their farewell engagement at Cardenas, and I believe start for New York on the next steamer. Losing two of their members by yellow fever—poor Collins and C Gaul—quite disheartened them, and like all parties visiting this island, they are glad to get back to the comforts in the States, for living is not quite so good here as there. Havana is not healthy this season, although the papers say differently. I write from facts. The two poor fellows above mentioned died of fellow fever..... Charley Jakesworth, Chiarini's boss hostler; William Perkins, Melville's groom, both died of small pox within two weeks. Poor Gibbons is still in the hospital; his is a bad case of small pox, but he is much better, and will get over it. George Sloman was taken sick last night, during the performance, with bad fever..... Jim Melville was down with fever for five days, but Doctor Neilson—the best doctor in the city—soon got him up again, and he is now performing, although he feels rather weak.....I saw by the report in the papers that Sally Stickney had been sick. I am happy to contradict that report. The family have all enjoyed good health since their arrival here.....The Captain General visited Chiarini's Circus on Christmas day, and Nixon's, at the Villanueva, to-night; so you see he is a first-rate old fellow for the show folks. I will now conclude this epistle by wishing you a happy New Year. Yours truly, G. F. ORRIN.

Gus. Shaw and Mlle Carolista (better known in New York as Mrs. Gus. Shaw) after showing and making tight rope ascensions in nearly all the Western cities, are now located at Wheeler's Apollo Hall, St. Josephs, Mo. In the company are Miss Clara Harrington, late of 444 Broadway, N. Y., Messrs. S. Harrison, J. Hogan, J. Boyle, Craft, and Miss Josephine.

A friend of ours, who recently left New York for Richmond, Va., on business, sends us the following letter, which, coming from an unbiassed, but Union-loving man, is worthy of attention:—

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 7, 1861.

FRIEND QUEEN.—The secession fever is now at its heighth in this city, and the "times is mighty hard," in consequence. Theatricals, however, seem to flourish much better than I expected. I visited the Richmond Theatre on Saturday, 5th, and found "a full house" in attendance. The occasion being the last performance of Mr. and Mrs. Waller. The plays performed were the two last acts of "Guy Mannering," in which Mrs. Waller took the arduous character of "Meg Merrilies," and Schiller's splendid drama of "The Robbers," in which Mr. Waller ably personated the chief character, "Charles de Moor." Mrs. Waller's rendition of the Gipsey was very creditable, and in some respects a very fine piece of acting, but it is a character so peculiarly Miss Cushman's that the best actress living would suffer in comparison with the incomparable acting of Charlotte The character of "Charles de Moor" was finely rendered by Mr. Waller, whose splendid physique gives him a great advantage in Melo drama. The stock company at this Theatre is in some respects a very good one. Mr. Howe and Mrs. Phillips being prominent members of it. To-night, Miss Joey Gougenheim commences an engagement. A "Grand Spectacle" is underlined on the bills as among the forthcoming novelties, and I notice the usual advertisement for the "twenty-five young ladies," without which no spectacle would "go down." I observed that "Dixie's Land" was encored the other night—being as popular this side of Dixon's Line as the other. There is one thing that struck me, somewhat, and that is that the gallery, occupied by the slaves, was *well filled*, and that, too, at the price of *three shillings admission.* So much for the abolition cant about the "poor suffering slaves." A fine opportunity offers, during the Christmas Holidays, for insurrection, but none of the slaves appear to be desirous of availing themselves of it. I shall write again soon.

Mr. Eddy appeared as Richard the Third, at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 7th inst. Since New Year's night, the business at this house is spoken of as very unsatisfactory.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers appeared at Firemen's Hall, Detroit, on the 4th and 5th inst, the latter being the last occasion of their performing prior to their departure for the West Indies.

Robinson and Lake's equestrian season at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, terminated quite suddenly, on the 4th inst.—alleged cause, tightness of the times.

The Campbell Minstrels closed a two week's engagement, at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 5th inst. On the following Monday they were to give an extra performance, for the benefit of Fred. Hunt, who has dissolved his connection with the company, and will hereafter, it is said, devote himself to the interests of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*—not so singular a transfer of labor, it will be confessed, seeing that he will yet practice the *black* art. On the 10th inst., the Campbell's were to give an entertainment at Newport, and after a tour of three weeks in the interior of the State, will return to Smith & Nixon's for a permanence.

One of the Dobson brothers is about to visit Baltimore, for the purpose of giving instructions on the Banjo. He expects to be there on the first of February.

Mr. C. T. Smith, stage manager of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, had a benefit at that house on the 3d inst. Marian Maria Smith, only five years old, appeared on the occasion.

Professor J. H. Anderson, Jr., the "Wizard of the World," has been giving performances through the principal places in Pennsylvania, and is now in New York State. He exhibited at Ah-wa-ga Hall, Oswego, Jan. 8th and 9th; Ely Hall, Elmira, 10th, 11th and 12th; Bingham's Hall, Binghampton, 14th, 15th and 16th. The Professor's entertainments are said to be the same as performed by the "Wizard of the North" (his father). His stage is beautifully decorated and embellished with apparatus of gold and silver. Mr. W. K. Butler is the wizard's attendant, and Mr. W. S. Triebles (formerly of Miss Caroline Richings' Concert Troupe) presides at the piano forte.

An exciting scene was enacted in St. Louis, a few days since, the principal performers being one Mr. Sopp and some indignant citizens whom he headed, the police, and Madame English, the diminutive mother of the once famous "Infant Drummer." To account for this battle on a small scale, it will be necessary to apprize the reader, that Madame English, in conjunction with a Professor Hutchings, had long been allowed to keep open a bogus exhibition, to which the unwary were tempted, only to be fleeced out of their money, on the "gift" swindle. Several applications had been made to the authorities by the citizens generally, and the proprietors of the show had been arrested, only, however, to be released, there being no law, it was alleged, to meet their case. Sopp, we hear, had been robbed of $28 by the hopeful pair, and, smarting under the mortification, had prevailed upon many persons to aid him in an onslaught on the exhibition. Quite a riot ensued, in the course of which the police did their utmost on the side of "order," but were beaten back by superior numbers. The so called museum being ransacked, everything found there was hurled into the street—horned hogs, stuffed monkies, hurdy gurdies, pinchbeck jewelry, show cases, and a multitude of other articles. In short, so serious grew the aspect of affairs as to induce the chief of police to procure the services of a fire company, beneath whose streams of water the rioters cooled down, and ultimately left the place of havoc. It is said that Madame English sustained a loss of $700, and was about instituting proceedings against the city for $5,000 damages.

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND.—Richmond, Va., Jan. 7th, 1861.—FRIEND QUEEN: In glancing over your last issue, I saw a record among the theatrical events of the past year, of the death of Joseph L. Wallis, who died in Petersburg, Va., on the 26th of last September. As a friend who loved him, I would wish to pay a passing tribute to his memory. Mr. Wallis commenced the present season at the Richmond Theatre. During the engagement of the Cooper Opera Troupe, the dramatic company was transferred to Petersburg, a beautiful, old-fashioned town, situated some twenty miles from Richmond. On the first day of our arrival, poor Wallis was taken from among us. His malady was disease of the heart, and so sudden was his taking off that his nearest friend and room-mate could not realise the fact for some days afterwards. Failing to hear from his friends through some delay in the telegraph, and after waiting till the deep dusk set in on the evening of his death, it became absolutely necessary to have him interred without further delay.

On a rising ground, about a mile southward of the town, stands the Blenford church, referred to in the following lines. It is one of the most interesting ruins in America. Slumbering in the shade of its shattered walls lie the faithful subjects of good King George, while, clinging to its toppling roof and ruined casements, hang the moss and ivy of a century and a half. It was quite dark when we arrived at the churchyard. The old sexton, with his long white beard, as with spade in hand he stood in the dim shadow of the ruined porch—the old church itself peering dark and weird-like through the dense foliage—the time, the place, and circumstance combined—the general air of death, desolation and decay—have left an impression on me I never shall forget. C. W.

THE ACTOR'S FUNERAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. WARWICK.

In gathering twilight—sorrowful and slow—
We bore him past the Blanford ruin old
To his lone resting place. Alas! Poor Joe!
But late so full of youth,—now stark and cold.
Beyond the shadow of the shattered spire,
Where willows weep the live-long night away:
Where thrive the tangled grave weed and the brier,
Poor Joe to-night in lonely state we lay.
May winter's snow rest lightly o'er thy head—
Thy grave be decked with richest flowers of spring—
And green the sod that marks thy lowly bed;
There summer birds their choicest music sing.
The wind may rage—the thunder 'bove thee roar—
The rain-drenched willow vainly o'er thee weep;
On thy sealed ears the tempest never more
Will break, to mar thy now eternal sleep.
But there's another, and a better world
Above this gloom which here enshrouds the soul—
The clouds of time, roll'd back, there lies unfurled
The Great Beyond! where waves eternal roll.
I love to listen to that ocean's swell:
It whispers "Peace," while breaking on the main:
As low winds murmur out thy passing knell,
Poor Joe, "Good Night!" we *There* shall meet again.

Frank Brower is rather too well satisfied with the United States to think of taking another trip to England, as was intimated by a Philadelphia correspondent last week. Our correspondent has been misinformed, although it would appear the rumor of Frank's intended European trip was current. Hear what the party most interested has to say upon the subject:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10, 1861.

DEAR FRANK:—In your last issue, a Philadelphia correspondent states that I am about organizing a band of minstrels to take to England. He further says that I am backed, pecuniarily, by an influential citizen of Philadelphia. *I wish I was.* How the rumor obtained currency here I know not; but allow me to say it's not so. America is good enough for me. I have visited England twice, but do not, for the present, at least, intend a third visit. You will oblige me, therefore, by contradicting the statement referred to.

Yours, truly, FRANK BROWER.

Reynolds' Varieties Company have had a streak of bad luck among the boot and shoe villages of Massachusetts, and have pegged out and taken refuge among the fishermen on Cape Cod, where they purpose remaining until spring, and where they hope to get a bite or two in these hard times.

Pennington's Ethiopian Serenaders have taken possession—that's the word now, we believe—of Green Street Concert Hall, Albany, late Green Street Theatre. In the troupe we find the names of T. Hutchinson, D. M. Holt, J. P. English, T. Pennington, C. Lewis, J. Campbell—it wouldn't be a minstrel troupe if it hadn't a Campbell in it—L. Poole, Miss Nettie Florence and Ettie Fisher. Prices, 15 cents for a go in, and 25 cents for choice places.

The following smart resume of a few miseries that environ the actor's life, particularly in connection with benefit taking, is communicated to the New Orleans *Picayune* by its Paris correspondent. We are afraid the story is applicable to many professionals here as well as in Europe. "Poor beneficiary!" commences the writer. "Overwhelmed with reproaches, tired to death, heels over head, nervous, sick, depressed, disheartened, he asks the treasurer of the theatre for his account. A legion of supplementary expenses, which no imagination could have conceived, makes its appearance in formidable figures—extra fees to machinists, extra fees to the musicians, extra fees to the chorus, flue for ending the performance after midnight, drayage for scenery, copying music, *pour boire* to hack drivers, and so on, on, on, on. The bills are settled, and then the beneficiary says to himself, wiping his forehead: "Thank Heaven, all is over now. I have run from one end of Paris to the other. I have lost a fortnight, in the course of which I have been able neither to play nor to rehearse; I have caught a rheumatism, which will keep me in bed for at least three weeks; I have worked like a galley-slave; I have discontented the public, and put all my comrades out with me; I have lost nothing by the benefit, for after all expenses are paid I have twenty francs' profit coming to me. Gads! there's no room to complain after all, for it might have been a deuced sight worse!" The beneficiary has scarcely these words out of his mouth, just as he is about leaving the theatre, a "please sir," greets his ear. He turns and discovers a bouquet, with half a dozen fellows behind it. 'Hallo!' exclaims he, suspecting there is a snake lurking behind those flowers, 'and what may that be?' 'It is a bouquet, sir, we have the honor to present to you. Don't forget the call boys, please sir!' 'You are very kind, vastly kind, my lads, and I am mightily obliged to you, 'pon my word I am—here's twenty francs for your bouquet, it's all I made by the benefit!'"

The Alleghanian Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, gave their last concert in Christiansted, St. Croix, N. J., December 11. *The St. Croix Avis*, of the following day, in a notice of the performance, says:—"The Alleghanians gave their *last* concert in this town last evening, *much to the delight of the lovers of good music.*" The sentence is rather loosely constructed, and susceptible of two meanings.

The Nelson Sisters were in Rochester last week, awaiting an engagement.

Father Kemp and his troupe of Old Folks sailed for England, in the steamship Canada, which left Boston on the 9th inst. The following is a list of the "happy family":—Father Kemp, Mrs. Kempand son, Miss L. D. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Macphails, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Conant, Mrs. E. J. Reede, Miss Anna Finnely, Miss Abby Owens, Mrs. W. Alonzo Owens, Mr. E. H. Foss, L. Blanchard, R. B. Blanchard, A. C. Ryder, W. S. Dunbar, H. G. Field, W. Mansfield, C. M. Carter, W. S. Sears, Mr. Bacon, Edwin Holmes, J. Billings and R. M. Temple. A goodly company, who have had a right nice time to America, and who will no doubt meet with a favorable reception at the other end of the ferry.

Some accurate views in New York and other American cities, are among the "effects" of the Christmas pantomimes in London.

At one of the Parisian theatres, a Mlle. Sonbaun is engaged as "old woman." This actress is herself aged, having reached beyond her sixth decade. Yet it is said that she retains traces of considerable beauty, and also much of the vivacity which distinguished her when the principal juvenile lady of the establishment where she is still retained.

The pocket handkerchief and velvet cap of Charles the First, with which he appeared on the occasion of his execution, were recently sold to a theatrical manager in England, for the purpose of exhibition, it is supposed. A chance lost to Barnum. May be he can get up others just like them.

Several natives of the Cape of Good Hope recently performed the comedy of the "School for Scandal," in Hope Town, in appropriate costume, though not in appropriate *color.*

Miss Gougenheim is now in the second week of her engagement at the Richmond, Va., Theatre, where she opened on the 7th in the "Love Chase," and on the 11th in Taylor's "Unequal Match," for the first time in Richmond. Miss Joey is doing well, the chivalry of Virginia rising above all minor considerations, such as secession, coercion; and rewarding the lady as her merits deserve, for "when a lady's in the case, all other things, of course, give place."

The Memphis folks look upon Mr. Thompson as a live manager. The *Avalanche* says of him: "Mr. Thompson displays more talent in his position, and caters more correctly to the tastes of his patrons than any manager we have previously had." Now this is encouraging. Mr. Thompson's last move was the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, who opened at the New Memphis Theatre, on the 7th inst., to a $600 house, which, in these days of entrenchment and retrenchment, is immense. They remain at Memphis for three weeks, and then leave for Chicago. We have been struggling for the last half hour in vain endeavors to pronounce the name of one of the characters assumed by Mrs. Florence, in her protean interlude of "Mischievous Annie," but we can't do it—"nor any other man." We therefore have come to the conclusion to spell it, and let our readers pronounce it if they can. Here it is: *Frou Shpitterskyppipsyunderkinchel pupiedory.* It may be easy enough to disciples of the "German persuasion," but "we don't see it."

We give a few dottings of theatrical news from Australia, down to the date of October 26:—On the 11th, Mr. Gustavus Brooke resumed his dramatic season at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, after the termination of a profitable stay there by an operatic company. On the 18th, "Othello" had been produced, with Mr. McKean Buchanan as the Moor, and Mr. Brooke as Iago. Subsequently the former gentleman had sustained the characters of Virginius and Macbeth—Mr. Brooke declining to play any more with him—an announcement which caused considerable indignation out of doors, it seems, many alleging that it was "snobbish treatment for a brother artist". The melo dramatic muse had reigned at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, interspersed with opera and burlesque.....The performances of a company of Sable Minstrels at the Prince of Wales' had suddenly caved in, on account of a disagreement between the several members.....A card had been published in some of the Melbourne papers, announcing the advent of Mr. Augustus Braham and Madame Florence Lancia, vocalists, but being of rather vague specifications, little confidence was placed in it.....Miss Avonia Jones having been burned out at Sydney, arrived in Melbourne, on the 22d of October, and was engaged to appear at the Theatre Royal on the 29th.....The Bianchis, assisted by Mr. J. Gregg, Signor Morachatti, and Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, were in Launceston, V. D. L., giving operatic entertainments.....Cremorne Gardens, Melbourne, were to be opened on the 12th of November for miscellaneous performances.....Judging from the tone of the Australian papers, theatricals were looking up in the colony.

Weaver's Union Circus—late De Haven's—was in Freeport, Ill., last week. P. H. Seaman, Yankee Clown, is with the company; also, Mad. Seaman, Oliver Bell, Hiram Marks, Tom Burgess, J. M. Walters, John Glenroy, Charles Brown, W. Sparks, G. W. De Haven, and Mad. Corett.

The 12th inst. was announced as the last night of the engagement of Mr. J. B. Roberts, at Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis.

The company at Little Rock, Ark., have not been doing very well for the past four weeks, but, nevertheless, salaries have been pretty well paid up. The company consists of J. J. Wallace, T. P. Varney, J. A. Signaigo (stage manager), S. H. Hubbard, S. French, P. H. Taylor, W. W. Burch, and Moore. Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer (manageress), Mrs. J. J. Wallace, and Lizzie Greenwood.

They have had quite a variety of talent at the Rochester Theatre, lately. "Occasional," an occasional correspondent, of date Jan. 7th, says:—"Within the last two weeks there have been unusually good houses at our theatre, in spite of the "panic;" and Manager Meech has not had occasion to join in the universal cry of "hard times." Thursday of last week we had an unusual treat (our compositor was about to make you say *trial*) in the way of "stars." Mrs. Noah (formerly known as Mrs. McClair) appeared on our boards in the character of Lady Macbeth, after a retirement of several years from her profession. She has not lost any of that fire and energy which characterised her acting in former years; but still holds her position at the head of her compeers. On Friday night she appeared as Emelia in Othello, sustained by Mr. Johnston as Othello, and her daughter, Miss Rachael A. Noah, who made her *debut* as Desdemona, and who promises to make her mark in the theatrical firmament, if she should chose the stage as a profession. She is but sixteen years of age, handsome, well formed, and never read the part till a week before she played it. Mr. J. R. Fisher sustained the part of Iago with credit. Mr. R. E. J. Miles, as Michael Cassio, displayed his usual ability. And what shall I say of Mr. H. R. Davis, who has been but a year on the stage, and yet is one of the most particular actors we have, who studies his part, and plays with all the vigor of an older "hand." To night, we have another treat—a "Horse Opera," in which Mr. Miles introduces his well trained horse, "Belle Beauty." He has only had the horse a week, and yet will lay down (the man or the horse? friend Occasional) and do most anything (for a horse) at his master's command. The play is "Mazeppa," and will be run a week with "Dick Turpin" and "Putnam." Mr. Miles has bought out the management for one week, Mr. Meech being unwilling to pay out a hundred dollars to get up the pieces, thinking it will not pay."

Miss Ada Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at the Portland Theatre this Monday evening, 14th inst. We understand that she contemplates making a Southern and Western tour shortly. Communications upon business can be addressed to Harry Hapgood, 359 Broome street, for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ryan open at Chicago this, Monday evening, 14th inst.

Wilson & Morris' Minstrels seem to be making very favorable progress in the Western part of this State. They performed in Buffalo on the 9th and 10th inst. After finishing in New York State, they go to Ohio, opening in Cleveland on the 14th, and continuing there three nights in all; then to Pittsburgh, 21st for one week. A very interesting programme is presented at each entertainment, comprising all that is pleasing and amusing in the Ethiopian business. A new song by George W. Shepherd, entitled "Speak to thy Loved One Now," is fast coming into popular favor, as is also the new dance, Pas de Zingarrella, original with Fred Wilson, the great Clog Dancer, and one of the proprietors of the enterprise.

Mr. J. C. Fredericks, "tragedian and elocutionist," ("assisted by his talented lady from New York"), gave a dramatic entertainment at Lafayette House, Lebanon, New Hampshire, on the 10th inst. "Fred." does'nt seem particular how he piles on the big licks in his programme. Hear him:—"In order that all may enjoy an opportunity of hearing the most beautiful and chaste selections from the Greatest Dramatic Authors, beautifully rendered by the *most distinguished elocutionist in the country, without exception*, the admission will be only 15 cents." It's too cheap for the style. Don't cut it so fat next time, Fred.

The Christy Minstrels were at the Rotunda, Dublin, prior to the commencement of their London season, in February.

Alfred Bunn, formerly manager of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, in conjunction, died at Boulogne, France, on the 20th ult., in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His decease was quite sudden, the complaint that took him off being apoplexy. In his time, Mr. Bunn filled a very prominent place in professional life, but of late years had gone into retirement. Latterly, he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and was a strict devotee to its discipline. In 1852 he visited this country, on a lecturing tour.

The Prince of Wales' Theatre, Sydney, N. S. W., was totally destroyed by fire, with several adjoining buildings, on the 3d of last October. Unfortunately, three lives were lost by the accident.

Mr. Charles Dillon, a well known English actor, sailed for the United States about the 1st of January. He is what is known as a *loud* performer.

Mr. J. Wright, an actor of considerable versatility, died in Sheffield, Eng., on the 17th ult., of consumption, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Mr. Lyon, an actor of "striking" parts, at the Standard Theatre, London, was recently fined one guinea by a magistrate, for assaulting a Mr. Edgar, stage manager. Some dispute arose, it seems, and Lyon, true to his combative antecedents in the mimic scene, and also to his name, resorted to the violence complained of.

Mr. Neafie, having concluded his engagements in several of the large towns of England, had left for a brief stay on the continent. His last appearance was at the Surrey Theatre, London.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were still at Drury Lane Theatre, acting in a popular *comedietta*, called "The Adventures of a Billet Doux."

The Boureicaults had been re-engaged at the Adelphi Theatre, London, where, on the 4th inst., the "Colleen Bawn" would reach its one hundredth consecutive performance.

The Belgian government recently presented a gold medal to Madame Von Oltefen de Silva, a celebrated Dutch tragic actress, in acknowledgement of her having performed at Brussels, during the national *fetes* of last September.

On Christmas morning, Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, London, gave a grand dinner to all the mechanical operatives in his establishment, and also distributed a plentiful supply of seasonable fare to 500 poor persons dwelling in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Lyons, wife of Mr. Edward Lyons, tenor singer, died in Cardiff, South Wales, on the 8th ult., from inflammation of the lungs.

Woods' Minstrels (under the management of Sylvester Bleecker), were at Washington Hall, Watertown, N. Y., on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th inst.

Mr. Sothern took a benefit, and appeared for the last time but one, at the New Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 11th inst.

We do not know the exact condition of our Bostonian neighbors relative to politics and "things in general" just now; but judging from the success of the entertainments given by the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge Minstrels, we should be apt to surmise the "state of the nation" does not touch them very nearly. For the present week, a whole budget of good things are given by the above, at Ordway Hall, to which undoubtedly there will be a "rush."

The company of the Haymarket Theatre, London, performed before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, on the 14th ult. The piece was "The Babes in the Wood," and the following the cast:—The Earl of Lazenby, Mr. Chippendale; Mr. Frank Rushton, Mr. W. Farren; Mr. Sidell, Mr. Compton; Sir George Loosestrife, Mr. E. Villiers; Mr. Jeremiah Beetle, Mr. Buckstone; Todd (a bill discounter), Mr. Clark; Peacock, Mr. Coe; Topper (a policeman), Mr. Courtney; Lady Blanche Rushton, Miss Amy Sedgwick; Mrs. Beetle, Mrs. Wilkins; Trotter, Miss Weekes. After the performances, there was the usual supper to the players, and the usual expression (by proxy) of her Majesty's "gracious approval."

Waugh's Italy was exhibiting in St. Joseph, Mo., on the 5th inst.

Mr. Langrishe is playing at Denver City, assisted by Mrs. Langrishe, Miss Sullivan (recently married,) Miss Wakely, and Messrs. McKibben, Hunter, Richmond, and Dougherty. On the 29th ult. they performed in "Camille."

The Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., has been opened by a new company, consisting of the following:—Lessees and Managers, Hurd & Perkins; Stage Manager, G. W. Thompson; Treasurer, S. Draper; Musical Director, Prof. C. Bach; Messrs. Roche, Holmes, De Groot, Sharpe; Mrs. H. A. Perry; Misses Thompson, Nash, and Wilford.

The International Concert Saloon, St. Joseph, Mo., has "gone up."

Gen. Tom Thumb concluded a four weeks' stay in Philadelphia on the 12th. On the 14th and 15th, he appears in Germantown; 16th and 17th, West Philadelphia; 18th and 19th, Manayunk; 21st and 22d, in West Chester, Penn.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers, after giving entertainments in Detroit, opened in Pontiac on the 7th for two nights; then to Flint, 9th and 10th; Owossa, 11th; Corunna, 12th; Ionia, 14th; Grand Rapids, 15th and 16th; St. John, 17th, etc. Kalamazoo, 24th; then into Ohio.

Frank Howard and company are in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Booker & Evert's Minstrels gave four performances in Detroit last week; the first was well attended; the others bad. Dick Sliter and Booker danced for the champion belt, but the Detroiters had an idea that the belt had been canced for before. What nonsense in the Detroitites!

Theatricals are very dull in New Orleans, notwithstanding reports to the contrary in Northern papers. Barney Williams and wife, at the St. Charles, were doing better than others, but the extent of their business even, was a $150 house, or thereabouts. Owen's Varieties was doing very bad, notwithstanding the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" had been produced in capital style. Dan Rice, at the Amphitheatre, was doing nothing; some nights there not being more than $30 in the house. Dan was working hard to draw them in, but it was no go. Everything seems at a stand-still there.

A company calling themselves "Wood's Minstrels," announce an entertainment in Brooklyn. This band is not the original Wood's Minstrels, the company bearing that name being now travelling under Sylvester Bleecker's management. Mr. Bleecker was Mr. Wood's right hand man for a long time before the latter retired from the business.

Birch & Sharpley are said to have dissolved partnership.

Our budget of Philadelphia news, from "Young Rapid," is made up to the date of January 13th. It is as follows:—The short dramatic season at the Academy of Music, closed on the 12th. On Friday and Saturday, Romeo and Juliet was played, on which occasion the universal favorite, Mrs. D. P. Bowers was expressly engaged for the *role* of Juliet, a character in which she has no rival on the American Stage. It had been some time since the public had an opportunity of witnessing the histrionic abilities of this lady, and on making her appearance she was received amid thunders of applause. Indeed, throughout the entire performance, she was received with unbounded tokens of favor. Her rendition of Juliet is one of the most truthful representations ever seen. Miss Cushman is the most impassioned Romeo on the American Stage. The piece was produced from the original text, and every attention was paid to putting it on the stage.....Geo. L. Aikin's dramatization of "The Woman in White" was played throughout the week at the Arch, and drew crowded houses, but owing to previous engagements, had to be withdrawn. Mr. Aikin deserves considerable praise for the excellent manner in which he has brought the exciting novel, to that of an acting drama. Mr. Shewell's "make-up" for Fosco was superb, and the acting of Mrs. John Drew, Miss Emma Taylor, and John S. Clarke was inimitably fine.....Owing to Miss Cushman's engagement with Messrs. Wheatley & Clarke extending to four weeks, they have concluded on making her last week at the Arch, she therefore appears on Monday and throughout the week, as "Nancy Sykes."..... The Continental Circus was obliged to close its doors on the 8th, owing to difficulties of a private nature, business continuing very good up to the night of closing. While recording the above fact, it gives me great pleasure to state, that Mr. McLaren, the old and worthy lessee, settled up to the last cent with every person connected in any way with the establishment. I think this fact needs recording, for there have been so many managers connected with this building who have seldom paid any debts contracted by them, that when we do find an honorable man, the profession should know it.....Business at the Walnut has been excellent. On Monday, Ben Young's benefit caused an overflow. On Wednesday, Anna Cowell appealed to her friends, but they were few and far between, owing, no doubt, to the inclement weather. On Friday, Sam Hemple—fat and jolly Sam—took his annual benefit, and the house was crowded. The Union drama of "Blanche of Brandywine" was played. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the Zouaves appeared, and created quite a sensation; some of them are clever actors, but very poor singers.....On Monday Mr. Sothern commences a two week's engagement, opening in his own play of "Suspense." The new comedy of "Our American Cousin at Home" is underlined. On the 28th, Mr. Joseph D. Murphy, the Business Agent for the Walnut, will take his annual benefit. Nearly the entire success of the present management of this theatre is due to this gentleman. Possessed of a sound judgment and experience, gained from years of toil in the profession, he is at present one of the smartest Business Managers in the profession.....McDonough, of the Gaieties, has been for a long time "getting up" the spectacle of "The Seven Sisters." The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, in order to make room for the scene painters, &c. The piece will be produced on the 21st, and as Mac has been at an immense expense in order to give due effect to the last scene, he will, no doubt, astonish our citizens. The success of this piece will "make" or "break" him.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES IN ENGLAND.—As usual, these entertainments have made their appearance, combining considerable humor and brilliancy of scenery and general decoration, with a whimsicality of title. For the gratification of our readers, we append their names:—

Harlequin and Tom Thumb; or, Merlin the Magician, and the Good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur—at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, the first entertainment of the kind ever produced there.

Queen Lady Bird and her Children; or, Harlequin and a House on Fire—at the Haymarket.

Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday and the King of the Carribee Islands—at the Princess'.

Endymion; or, the Naughty Boy who cried for the Moon—at the St. James.

Blue Beard; or, Harlequin and Freedom in her Island Home—at Covent Garden.

Peter Wilkins; or, Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Islands—at Drury Lane.

Harlequin Sinbad, the Sailor; or, the Fairy of the Diamond Valley and the Little Old Man of the Sea—at Sadler's Wells.

Blue Beard from a new point of Hue—at the Adelphi.

Cinderella; or, the Prince, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper—at the Strand.

Harlequin and the Wonderful Horse; or, Precinct and Gracioso, the Ugly Duchess and the Greedy King—at Astley's.

Harlequin and Cinderella; or, the Fairy and the Little Glass Slipper—at the Surrey.

Fair Rosamond; or, the Queen with the Dagger and Bowl, and the Enchanted Labyrinth—at the City of London.

The Enchanted Horn; or, Harlequin and the Fire King, and the Fairies of the Frozen Dell—at the Victoria.

Pretty Blue Belle and the Ugly Beast; or, Harlequin, King of Coin Castle—at the Mary-le-bone.

Raymond in Agonies; a Bit of Fun with Harlequin and a Bleeding Nun—at the Soho.

The Blue Bird of Paradise; or, Harlequin, King Charming, and Prince Pigmy—at the Grecian.

Goosey, Goosey Gander; or, Harlequin and the Fairy Queen of the Golden Temple—at the Eastern Pavilion.

The Prince and the Ogre; or, the Queen Grasshopper and the Glow-worms of Glow-worm Glade—at the Britannia.

Gulliver's Travels to the Giant and Dwarf Kingdoms; or, Harlequin and the Fairy Queen of the Island of Lilliput—at the Standard.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son; or, Harlequin and the Magic Whistle, and the Good Fairy that lived in a Grotto—at the Effingham.

The Little House that built a House in a Christmas Cake; or, Harlequin Industry and Idleness—at the Bower Saloon.

Golden Gates of the Palace of Brilliants, and Fairies Home of Jewelled Stars—at the Brighton Theatre.

Cooling the Great and Harlequin Prince Blue Belle; or, Baa, baa, Black Sheep, Little Bo-peep, and the Fairy of Spring—at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

Jack, the Giant Killer; or, Harlequin and ye Knights of ye Round Table—at the Bradford Theatre.

Beauty and the Beast; or Harlequin Snow King and the Fairy of the Floral Islands—at the Princess', Glasgow.

Harlequin and the Little Black Hen; or, the Gift of the Golden Eggs—at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

Harlequin Valentine, and Orson his Brother; or, Ye Cruell Greene Chnicht—at the Leicester Theatre.

Guy Faukes; or, Harlequin and the Fairy of the Land of Loyalty—at the Rochester Theatre.

The Yellow Dwarf, or Harlequin, the King of the Gold Mines, and the Queen of the Enchanted Palm Groves—at the Southampton Theatre.

Charley Backus has joined Wilson & Morris' Minstrels, and is now performing with that company.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 211 8th Avenue.
29-3m* HARRY EARNS, President.

THE BOOTHONIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—This popular association was organised in Aug., 1859. It was started by young amateurs, most of whom are now actors, playing at our principal theatres. They have turned out more good actors than any other association in the city. Mr. McCullough, who is now one of the most promising young actors on the stage, was a member; also, Messrs. L. R. Shewell, Lewis Baker, and last but not least, the late Wm. R. Goodall

A COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS,
FROM ITS EARLIEST DATE,

With Sketches of some of the Principal Performers.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[NOTE.—In answer to a correspondent from New Bedford requiring information in regard to Francis Ricketts, the writer of these articles would say, that in 1798 Rickett lived at No. 52 North street, Sixth Ward, Philadelphia. This is the last time I can find his name in the City Directory. He sailed for England with his brother, and was never after heard of—the vessel was lost. The only property he left behind him was a portrait of old John B. Ricketts, and said to be very fine. It was sold at auction about eight years ago, and was purchased by Peter Grain, a Philadelphia gentleman. Although it was purchased for a mere nothing, yet I understand that so highly does he prize it, that money cannot purchase it.]

At the National Circus, Philadelphia, March 17, 1851, a Complimentary Benefit was tendered Lewis B. Lent. Eaton Stone, Miss Randolph, first appearance in the circle, Hill, Lee, Mademoiselle Eloise, Rivers Family, E. Derious, Richards and Mrs. Camilla Gardner appeared. The Season closed this night.

On the first of May this establishment was opened by Gen. Rufus Welch for four nights with the French Troupe. Sam Lathrop, clown; F. Whitaker, Ring Master; S. P. Stickney, T. Neville, Mons. Benoit, J. Miller, Lee, Richards and Master James Smith were in the corps.

Re-opened, Nov. 3, 1851; R. Welch, Proprietor; L. B. Lent, Director; J. M. Nixon, Equestrian Manager; Messrs. Worrell and Whitaker, clowns. The programme was as follows:—Musical Comicalities, by Esam Dickeuson. Miss Sallie Stickney as the Queen of May. The ponies Romeo and Juliet in their wonder inspiring feats. Mr. Neville in his terrific feats on horseback. Les Freres d'Olympie, by Messieurs Benoit and Richards. Pas Seul, Miss Wells, M'lle Marie in her Scene D'Equitation. Battoute Leaps by the Gymnastic Corps. Four Horse Act, by S. P. Stickney. Mr. J. M. Nixon and his children in their act of Classic Gymnastics. Juggling on horseback, by Mons. Benoit. The Trick Horse Cincinnatus will be introduced by Mr. S. P. Stickney. Dashing Barrier Act, by Mr. D. Richards. Feats with Real Cannon Balls, by Herr Lee.

M'lle Louise Tourniaire, the French Equestrienne, appeared on the 20th of November. Jo Pentland joined the forces on the 24th of Nov., 1851. On the 9th of March, 1852, the Season closed, with a complimentary benefit to Levi J. North. The performances consisted of Levi J. North and Madlle Marie in the pleasing double act of horsemanship, entitled the Shepherd and Shepherdess. Mr. North introduced his infant daughter, only five years of age, in an act of equitation. Mr. North introduced his pupil, Mr. Willie, in his performance, entitled the Hurdle Race. Mr. North appeared in an equestrian scene entitled the Sprites of the Silver Shower. Mr. North exhibited his horse Tamany, which executed seven different Dances. Madlle Louise Tourniaire appeared in her Grand Scene Equestre. On the 15th of March, John May appeared as Clown.

Season closed May 4th, with a benefit to Rufus Welch.

Re-opened Nov. 1, 1852, by Rufus Welch, with Ring and Dramatic performances. W. F. Wallett, Clown; Madlle Miona, Equestrienne. During the season Le Jeune Burte, D. W. Stone, W. W. Nichols and Madlle Rosa appeared.

Season closed, March 24, 1853, with a benefit to J. Myers.

On the 1st of December, 1853 the Walnut Street Circus, Philadelphia, was opened as Raymond's Zoological Institute. S. P. Stickney, Equestrian Director; Jim Myers, Clown; B. Kipp, Treasurer. In the course of each exhibition, Prof. Langworthy entered the den of his Lions, Leopards, Cougars, Tigers, &c. The equestrian performances embraced the following wonderful and brilliant scenes and acts in the circle: Grand Full Dress Entree; Antipodean Feats on the Polandric Ladder; Elegant Acts of Juvenile Horsemanship, &c., &c., &c. Season closed January 28th, 1854.

Re-opened as Philadelphia Circus, Nov. 1, 1854, by Messrs Welch & Lent. Among the most prominent members of the company were Miss Sallie Stickney and Mlle Marie, the accomplished equestriennes; Mr. H. W. Franklin, T. Neville (first appearance since his return from California), J. M. Nixon, S. P. Stickney, W. Kincade, I. Hankins, W. Otell, F. Whitaker, T. King, W. Franklin, B. Stevens, W. Laine, H. Nagle, Masters Luke Rivers, Robert Stickney, Geo. Nixon, W. Nixon, Misses Sophia and Irene Worrell, &c.; Billy Worrell, Clown. Mr. Robinson, the comic vocalist, made his first appearance in Philadelphia on the opening night.

During the season, Le Jeune Burte and his father appeared April 21, 1855, Dan Rice, with his horse Excelsior and the comic mules, appeared. Season closed April 14, with a benefit to Dan Rice.

Re-opened by Welch & Lent, Nov. 12th, 1855. S. E. Harris (right name Wesley Burmore), Stage Manager; J. G. Cadwallader, Equestrian Director; F. Whitaker, Riding Master; W. Worrell, Clown. Ring and stage performances were given.

A Star Ballet Troupe, headed by Madlle Zoe and Mons. Wiethoff. Among the company were Mlle. Zoe, Mlle. Henry, Miss Waldgrave, Rose C. Henry, Kirby, W. A. Wood, Virginia Sherwood, Mdle. Marie, H. Magilton, H. W. Franklin, T. Neville, the Motley Brothers, C. Sherwood, W. Franklin, G. Dunbar, F. Donaldson, H. Worland, J. E. Johnson, F. Whitaker, J. Rivers, J. R. Hankins, H. Berrine, and Billy Worrell, Clown. March 13, 1856, Dan Rice appeared with his horse Excelsior and "them" mules; also, the Fellanti Family and Mons. De Bach. Season closed in March.

Re-opened by L. B. Lent, October 20th, 1856, with a full dramatic and equestrian corps. Season closed April 11th, 1857.

May 22d, 1857, Franconi's Colossal French Hippodrome, from Madison Square, New York, opened in Philadelphia, on the lot on Broad street, near the Baltimore depot.

Welsh's National Circus, 8th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, opened by Dan Rice's Great Show, Feb. 16th, 1858. During the season he introduced his trick animals, viz: Rhinoceros, Tight Rope Elephant, Waltzing Camel, Low Comedy Mules, and Talking Horse Excelsior. The whole was under the immediate control and supervision of the American humorist, Dan Rice. On the 31st of March, Mr. Jas. Melville, the great Australian Bare-back Rider, appeared for the benefit of Dan. Season closed April 5th, with a benefit to Melville.

Re-opened by L. B. Lent, Nov. 8th, 1858. Dr. Jas. L. Thayer, Sam Long and Dan. Gardner were Clowns. In the equestrian corps were H. Magilton, F. H. Rosston, Wm. Kincade, Sallie Stickney, Ella Laroux, Camilla Gardner, Jennie Johnson, Marie A. Cole, Mad. De Bache, and Mlle. Elise, the child rider.

On the 21st of April, 1859, Van Amburgh's Zoological and Equestrian troupe "showed" in Philadelphia, on the lot on Spruce street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, preparatory to starting on their summer tour. They exhibited here only three days, and then left for the western part of the State. In the company were the Mantgan Family, Dr. Jas. L. Thayer (clown), Nat. Austin, Carpenter, Kincade, Norton, Armstrong, &c., &c.

Dan Rice, with his great Show, opened Welch's Circus, Philadelphia, for the season, October 31st, 1859. On the 22d of March, 1860, Tony Pastor, the celebrated Clown, appeared. The season closed March 31st.

The season was a very prosperous one, and Dan gained considerable notoriety by his great speech to the students of that city, during the excitement among the John Brown-ites.

Nixon & Co.'s Circus, known under this specific heading, dates from the commencement of January 1859. For a considerable time prior to that, an organization had been traveling, as Nixon and Kemp's Circus, and had also performed in New York several weeks in the fall and early winter of 1858. The company, as first designated, was intended for a season at Niblo's Garden, where it began operations on the 27th of January, 1859, with an efficient corps of performers, including Melville, bare-back rider; Madame Moran, *equestrienne*; Dan Costello, clown; and "Don Juan," the educated bull. During its stay at Niblo's, which extended to the 9th of April, this troupe experienced a large share of patronage, for which, it must be confessed, a strong endeavor had been made, in the purchase of Dan Rice's share of the stock known under his name, at the cost, it was alleged, of $25,000. While at Niblo's, too, several novelties in the spectacular style were brought out; Dan Rice also making his appearance. From time to time, the troupe received various additions, including Madames Tourniaire and Josephine, *equestriennes*; M'lle Essler, tight rope dancer; Nat Austin, necromantic horseman and clown; and others.

In April, 1859, prior to taking a more extended tour, the troupe visited in succession, Hempstead, Jamaica, Flushing, Williamsburgh, and Greenpoint on both the Long Island and Jersey sides. In the following month, it was in Providence, R. I., whence it proceeded to Massachusetts. Monsieur Gregoire, the "strongest man in the world," joined the company about this time, and went with it to New Hampshire and Canada East, whence it proceeded to Connecticut—terminating the season, at Springfield, September 1.

On the 31st of October, the troupe made a public entry into New York, and immediately commenced business in a spacious tent at the junction of Thirteenth street and Broadway. Mr. J. M. Nixon became sole lessee, and left for Europe, with Mr. Moore, stage manager at Niblo's Garden, in search of novelty wherewith to inaugurate the winter season at the above establishment. Concurrently, the National Theatre (Chatham) was opened as a circus, under the ostensible lesseeship of Messrs. W. T. Aymar and L. Nixon, which induced the belief that Mr. J. M. Nixon was the responsible party; but that gentleman's connection with the concern was formally denied, and therefore no longer credited—Mr. J. W. Tryon being considered as the lessee. The company at the National, which included Tony Pastor, Tom Neville, W. Aymar, Louisa Wells, and several other clever performers, continued to hold together for a few weeks.

While abroad, Messrs. Nixon and Moore came to arrangements with several performers, among whom were certain members of the Cooke family, long and widely known as equestrians. With these and a stud of horses, they opened at Niblo's Garden, on the 16th of January, 1860. Foremost among the performers on this occasion, were the Hanlon Brothers, acrobats; M'lle Ella Zoyara, *equestrienne*; Robinson, bare-back rider; Jos. Pentland, "court jester;" W. Cooke, who did numerous things a la Rarey; and several other very clever persons.

At first, the company did not give the satisfaction anticipated. This was jointly attributable to getting matters in working order too soon and to the discovery that but few of a celebrated company announced to have been well drafted from, had really been engaged. This objection, however, was withdrawn when subsequent representations proved that the troupe, made up of English and American professionals, was a highly meritorious one. It remained at Niblo's from January 16 to March 3, inclusive; leaving for Boston, where it commenced on the 5th, and remained till the return to Niblo's—recommencing business there on the 9th of April. It continued as above until the 26th of May, when the company, with some changes went on a tour, embracing Philadelphia, Baltimore, and several other places. On July the 30th we find it once more at Niblo's, where its final performance was given on the 14th of September. Subsequently, it visited Washington, Richmond, Va., Norfolk and Portsmouth, Macon, Ga., on to New Orleans, and ultimately Havana, where it commenced a season the last week in December, and where it yet remains.

RUFUS WELCH was born in New Berlin, Chenango Valley, N. Y., September, 1800. He was bound an apprentice to a cabinet maker, but did not serve out his time. At 19 years of age he joined a circus troupe, and became soon afterward a member of the firm of Purdy & Macomber, as a partner and "advertiser." They were well known throughout the country, and did a thriving business. About 1828, Stickney & Fogg erected a very neat circus building on the Old York Road, Philadelphia, which was called the Washington Amphitheatre. At that time Welch was forming a circus troupe for the West Indies, and offered Levi J. North an engagement to join his *corps* for that destination. North had just completed his apprentice ship with Fogg. Charles La Forest also was engaged, and with these promising young riders Welch made a successful tour. He returned to the United States, still pursuing his locomotive equestrian performances. His partners soon after changed their business, and, relinquishing circus affairs, collected one of the most imposing menagerie exhibitions that this country ever saw, which realized to the proprietors vast sums of money. They opened, about 1830, in Maelzel's Hall, in Fifth street, near Prune, Philadelphia, and returned to that locality during several winters following.

Whilst they were exhibiting there, a vessel from the East Indies, having on board the celebrated elephant "Caroline," entered the Delaware, and ran aground on a shoal, and was likely to become a total wreck. The animal was consigned to Purdy, Welch & Macomber, and the insurance companies, despairing of getting the animal out alive, were disposed to abandon the risk. Gen Welch rigged a derrick with slings, and succeeded in hoisting the animal out. A well-trained and faithful dog was thrown overboard as a pioneer, who swam towards the nearest shore. The elephant followed and both animals got safely to land.

Gen. Welch soon after sailed for Africa for fresh animals. Landing at the Cape of Good Hope, he penetrated nearly two thousand miles into the interior of the country, in company with some English gentleman who had a taste for lion hunting. In this trip he secured several splendid lions, tigers, elephants and two giraffes, and succeeded in bringing the entire invoice, which cost $64,000, safely to Boston. The firm continued in the menagerie business for some years. They sold out to a company called the "Zoological Institute."

Gen. Welch then joined in partnership with Alva V. Mann, and the firm opened a circus in Broadway, New York, opposite Niblo's Garden. This was a temporary affair, under canvas. Shortly after this, they visited Philadelphia. Raymond had erected a circus building in Walnut street, near eighth, and had failed there. Welch, Mann & Delavan became the managers, and gave winter exhibitions. In summer this company was divided; Delavan, Nathans & Co., took the northern circuit, whilst Mann & Bancker attended to the middle and other States. Of these circuits, I shall speak hereafter. After the failure of Burton, at the "National," Philadelphia, (originally Cooke's Circus), Gen. Welch took a lease of the house for a term of years, and rented it out in summer and other vacations when not used by himself for theatrical performances. In 1844, Wemyss & Oxley failed there, and Welch & Mann established an amphitheatre on the extensive scale of Astley's at London. About 1851, Gen. Welch, in company with Levi J. North, the boy Hernandez, and others, proceeded to England, and opened the American Circus at Drury Lane Theatre. Subsequently, he travelled through France and Germany. In 1853, Mons. Franconi came to the United States, and established the hippodrome at Madison Square, New York. This establishment was conducted in a style of novelty unknown in equestrian performances. It was a vast amphitheatre, having no stage, but enclosing a stadium, over which were run chariot races, and upon which other exciting displays were made. The novelty of this exhibition attracted vast audiences, and Gen. Welch, stimulated by national pride, determined to excel it. He prepared an immense pavilion tent, engaged daring riders, and conducted "The American Hippodrome" on a scale of magnificence hitherto unparalleled. Immense crowds were attracted, but the cost of the exhibition was tremendous, and the business did not pay. Welch's Hippodrome was taken as far as New Orleans, where the company was dissolved, the manager having sustained a very heavy loss. Returning to Philadelphia, the general entered into partnership with Lewis B. Lent. The firm met with a sudden check to their prosperity, by the burning of the National Theatre and Circus, corner of 9th and Chestnut streets, during the performance of "Raymond and Agnes." In the autumn of 1854, Lent & Welch opened the Walnut street Circus, which they called the National—now known as the Continental. It was during the management of this establishment that Gen. Welch died, which occurred Dec. 5, 1856. His disease was typhoid fever. He had traveled in almost every country in the habitable globe. He crossed the Atlantic fourteen times, and has probably journeyed as far, and perhaps farther, than any man now living. During his varied career, he lost and made several fortunes. His generosity of character and charitable dispositions were proverbial. He always had an open hand for the distressed, and none knew him but to love him. He lost more by his own liberality than by reverses in business. He was universally esteemed by members of the profession, and there are few of them now living who have not been indebted to him for advice, counsel, protection, and assistance.

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

"He should have died hereafter."

John Grimaldi Wells—right name John Willis—clown, died at Philadelphia in 1852. An inoffensive man and clever fellow, he was himself his only enemy.

Joe Craveau, clown, with Howe & Mabie's Circus, committed suicide in Iowa City. He was a good fellow. He had visited, professionally, and often, most of the West India Islands, many portions of South America, Mexico, &c.; and in 1836-7 was a member of the Ravel Family.

Joe Buckley, equestrian, died at New Albany, Ind., of cholera, in 1843.

John Aymar, a performer of great merit, was killed by a fall in England in 1844.

Wm. F. Stone died at Nevada, Cal., in the 40th year of his age. He was extensively known as an equestrian performer of great ability, and as a man of many good and charitable qualities; he was brother of Geo. Stone, the celebrated clown. He travelled many years in company with Foley.

John Weaver—a herculean performer—died of bilious fever at Fort Meigs, Ala.—with Bancker's Company—in 1831. He was a Philadelphian. The clergymen presented a bill for divine service!

Mr. Downie died at the West Indies while with Welch's Company. He was a most accomplished equestrian.

J. H. Amherst, well known as connected with Gen. Welch's Circus, died in Philadelphia, in 1850 at an advanced age.

Fred Goshen, the celebrated clown and pantomimist, died at New Orleans.

Lewis J. Lent, circus manager, born in Jamestown, New York; at present living.

Moses J. Lyman, born in South street, Philadelphia.

Levi B. North, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1813. Married in England to Miss Sophia West, young-st daughter of James West, formerly proprietor of the Walnut Street Circus.

OLD HONTZ, THE CLOWN.

'Lindsay, through his connection with the show business, acquired a wide spread popularity and acquaintance, and in his days, by his laborn natural talent and wit, probably contributed as much to the hilarity, mirth, and amusement of mankind as any man living. He was born in Philadelphia, in April, 1804. At the age of fifteen years he engaged himself as an apprentice to the show business with J. H. Myers and Lewis Mestayer, who kept a sort of show room in Market street, above Fourth, in Philadelphia, consisting of gymnastic performances, wire-walking, jugglery, &c. Subsequently, he became connected with the traveling circus and menagerie of John Miller, (the pioneer of the business,) of Allentown. While with Miller, he attended to the door, acted clown, and drove the camels. Subsequently, he engaged with Weyman's traveling company. This was in 1823-4. After this he re-engaged with Miller's company, then under the management of Rufus Welsh. In 1825, Mr. Miller sold out his menagerie to Mr. Crosby, of New York, for $4000, and Lindsay engaged under the new proprietor. Of the company, John Miller was a great wire performer, and Dan Minich, the best activity performer in the United States at that time; so they had a team in full. They performed through the spring and summer over parts of Penosylvania, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, and Delaware, in a great many cities, boroughs, villages, and at country inns. In the winter of 1825-6 Lindsay performed at the Pennsylvania Museum, at Eighth and Market streets, in Philadelphia. About this time he became acquainted at the Black Bear Hotel, in Third street, with a young lady from Lehigh county, named Lydia Pauley, which finally resulted in marriage, in 1828. After this he engaged with the travelling companies of Messrs. Fields & Ponier, Aaron Turner, H. Hawley, and Mullen & Harrison. In 1831 Lindsay and Mr. Nathan Miller bought up a lot of horses and broke them for the ring, got a new canvas and engaged a company of equestrian performers. In Allentown they gave their first exhibitions. They then started on a tour through the country, and arriving at Norristown, Mr. Lindsay sold out his interest in the concern to a Mr. Buckley, an English clown. The same season Mr. Miller, also, sold out, and returning to Allentown, commenced the study of law. He still resides among us, is hale and hearty, and in the full enjoyment of the comforts of life. His father, Mr. John Miller, accumulated by his exhibitions about $60,000. In 1832 Lindsay set up in the business for himself, on a small scale, and shortly after brought before the public, as a pupil, S. S. Sanford, a son of his sister, now one of the most popular negro delineators in the United States, and the proprietor of Sanford's Opera House, in Philadelphia. Among his other pupils in the show business are Stout, Nagle, and Shindel, the equestrians. He continued in the business until within a few years ago, when he went to tavern-keeping in Northumberland county, and about a year ago moved to Berks county, the place where he brought his eventful career to a close, as above stated.

"In 1844 the Whigs conceived the brilliant idea of getting Lindsay to stump the lower German counties holding out hopes of remunerating him with a fat office. The Colonel did his work, but whether effectually or not, we are not prepared to say, as the counties to which his humorous efforts were confined gave increased Democratic majorities. His political life gave him distaste for the show business, and it was some time before 'Old Hontz' again entertained the country folks by his presence. Soon as the Whigs secured a majority in the House of Representatives, Lindsay came on and applied for the office of Sergeant-at-arms, but failing to get it, he became disgusted with politics, and carried 'Old Hontz' out to the country again. In 1848, the Whigs tried to get him on the stump again to pay the buffoon, but Lindsay was not to be caught a second time.

"Take Lindsay for all in all, we shall ne'er look upon his like again. He was a warm-hearted and generous man, having probably disbursed in his day, for the benefit of others, a hundred thousand dollars, and at last died comparatively a poor man. He was about 58 years of age."

Colonel Alvah Mann, formerly connected with General Welch as manager, died in New York, July 9, 1855. The Colonel had his faults, and some good qualifications. He was buried from the Florence Hotel. His last speculation as a manager was in the circus, corner of Sixth Avenue and 39th street, New York, in 1852-3, which was unsuccessful. He was a native of New York State.

ARTEMUS WARD ON HIS TRAVELS.

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch round considerble, & as I was dressd in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I looked putty gay. It never once struck me that I looked green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes, sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch hisself. He wanted to make me believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as the the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he lookin female, with a green cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the people in the cars. "Is it to stay to home & darn stockins & be the ser-vant of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear!' Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear biznuss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickerel. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red!'

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Serpent!" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar in it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Hav you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replied, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son ARTEMUS junior is going on 18."

"Aint you afraid if you set this example bed him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoemakin biznuss," I replied. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I observed, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own biznuss better." I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anythin only when I really need it. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can induce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful liquor which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better giv men Prusick Asaid to onct, than to pizen 'em to death by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun pretty nuff to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. WARD'S onparaleld show, conspicksly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a horse as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.—*Vanity Fair.*

A. WARD.

SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT COMFORT.—The few items we here subjoin will be read with some pleasure, and a great deal of instruction by those persons not as yet advised on the subject:—"A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside of it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air beneath it. Every one knows that the heat of the body is carried off much more rapidly in a high wind than in a calm. The wind blows away the heat evolved from the body, but in a perfectly still air this heat remains, and constitutes an atmospheric envelope so nearly of the same temperature with the body itself that the latter is not so quickly robbed of its natural heat. A piece of silk oil cloth, stitched in the folds of a shawl, is more flexible than the paper, and will last a whole winter. It has the advantage of securing inward warmth without the additional weight of a thicker garment. When you set out on a winter journey, if you are liable to suffer from cold toes, which many people do in spite of "rubbers," fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings, which you can readily do if your boots or shoes are not irrationally tight. This is better than "rubbers," which are, in fact, very cold comforters in extreme, while they make the feet sweat in moderate weather. The main use of India rubber overshoes is to keep out water, and for that they are second only to a stout water-proof, first-rate calf skin boot. There is not a more villainously unwholesome article of wear made than the high-topped rubber boot. It makes the foot tender, especially in children, gives an ugly gait, and when left off in any weather, the wearer is liable to "catch cold." Saint Crispin is the best friend of the human foot, when his leather and stitchings are honest. The constitutional vivacity and temper of a person has much to do with his endurance of cold. For this vivacity is a sort of nervous fire that lessens the sensibility to outward impressions. An indifferent, milk and-water person, without energy and force, is at the mercy of every cold blast that sweeps round the corner. He, and especially she, has no defence but to wear a dozen shawls during the day, and sleep under a bale of blankets at night. One without any mental purpose (unfortunately there are such,) though in vigorous health, is much more liable to catch cold than a spirited, delicate body bent on some positive pursuit."

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